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DEATH OF THEODORE DWIGHT.

THEODORE DWIGHT, a well-known citizen, died at his house in Brooklyn yesterday, aged seventy years. He was the son of the late Hon. Theodore Dwight, formerly member of Congress from Connecticut, and afterwards for many years editor of the *Daily Advertiser* in this city. He was graduated at Yale College in 1814, in the largest class that had ever left that college.

His life was spent in literary and philanthropic pursuits, to which he was most disinterestedly devoted. He early adopted the practice of acquiring languages in the spoken way, and his proficiency was such that he was able to converse with readiness in French, Spanish, Italian, German, Greek, and to some extent in Hebrew and Arabic; he could also read and translate from all these. He was an early advocate of changing our method of studying Greek, so as to teach it as a living language; in which idea he was understood to have the concurrence of the late President Felton and other eminent Grecians of this country.

His facility in language, united with the benevolence of his heart, and his ardent love of liberty, made him the ready friend of the various political exiles who, at one time or another, have sought refuge on our shores, from Spain, Portugal, Italy, South America, and Mexico. The Mosqueras, Garibaldi, Rivera, Orestes, and many other living patriots in all those countries, will feel that they have lost a true and earnest friend.

At the time of his death he was diligently employing every leisure moment in the translation of Spanish works into English, and English into Spanish, to promote the introduction of our usages and books into the schools of the Spanish-American states, and to increase the mutual interest and intercourse of our respective countries.

He was a man of the most sensitive uprightness and sincerity, and always ready to confer a favor or lend a helping hand in any good work, without sparing his own labor and with small regard for his own interest. In this way he lived and worked, without any sensible abatement of activity or ability, up to the very end of his life.

On Monday last he accompanied his married daughter to Jersey City, where she took the train to rejoin her husband in the South. As he took leave of her in the car he found the door fastened, and before it could be opened the train had begun to move, so that in leaping out he was thrown down and severely bruised. His daughter saw him fall, and entreated that the train might stop; but, we are told, without effect, until she had been carried to a considerable distance, when some gentlemen interposed and the conductor consented to set her out upon the track, with her two children, one a babe, and without attendant, to find her way back on foot as she might. She was able at length to reach her father, and found him alive, conscious and peaceful. He lived to be brought home, to

greet and comfort his family, and then departed before the break of day. — *N. Y. Evening Post*, 17 Oct.

The greater part of his life was passed in this city, in diligent devotion to literary and philanthropic pursuits. His great familiarity with modern languages, with his benevolence and love of liberty, made him the useful friend of great numbers of political exiles from other lands, who will mourn his loss. Patriot Garibaldi, and many others, will honor his memory. His learning was various, both in languages and in natural science. He was secretary of the Ethnological Society, was engaged in preparing works in Spanish for the Tract Society, was associate editor of the *Israelite Indeed*, was a constant contributor to the public press, had mastered not only the Arabic but several native languages of Africa, was a devoted laborer in Sunday-schools, was ready to the utmost of his power and at any sacrifice to help in every good work, and had filled out the ordinary term of human life in labors of benevolence, and in studies for the advancement of mankind. He was an humble, firm, consistent, and happy Christian, and his name is a mantle of benediction to his bereaved family. — *Evangelist*.

For many years it had been his custom to travel over all the prominent spots in this country that have been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue, taking down in his memorandum-book the early historical incidents of the revolution from the lips of the actors themselves, and with his pencil sketching all points and places of interest. In this way he had accumulated nearly a hundred of these books, filled with the most interesting reminiscences of our early history, which, but for this custom, would have been irretrievably lost. It was but a few days before his decease that in speaking with him upon this subject we urged upon him, in view of the uncertainty of life, the immediate preparation of these notes for publication. In this he concurred, and stated that as soon as he had finished the preparation of a lecture upon 'Personal Reminiscences of the early movements in Natural History in New York and Brooklyn,' shortly to be delivered before the Long Island Historical Society, he would attend to it. It is to be hoped, however, that the family of the deceased will gather up these literary remains and carry out the intention of their author in giving them to the public. — *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

Mr. Dwight was prominently a philanthropist and literateur. He could converse in seven languages and read others. He was a friend of nearly all the refugees who have sought our hospitality. He labored to create a closer intimacy between the United States and Spanish South America. In these and similar pursuits he was engaged until, in the beginning of this week, he suffered an injury on a railway, which terminated his life. — *Philadelphia North American*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Causeries d'un Curieux: Variétés d'Histoire et d'Art; Tirées d'un Cabinet d'Autographes et de Dessins. Par F. FEUILLET DE CONCHES. Tomes Premier et Second, 1862; Tome Troisième, 1864: Paris.

THE title of this book is untranslatable. There is no English equivalent for *causerie*, which is something less formal, continuous, and pretentious than 'conversation,'—something more intellectual, refined, and cultivated than 'talk.' An earnest preoccupied man may converse; an over-excited or coarse-minded man may talk; but neither the one nor the other can *causer* in the precise French acceptance of the word. Boswell says, 'Though his (Johnson's) usual phrase for conversation was "talk," yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company," and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir, we had "talk" but no conversation; there was nothing discussed."' On another occasion, however, when he said there had been good 'talk,' Boswell rejoined, 'Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons.' Positiveness, loudness, love of argument, and eagerness for display, are fatal to *causerie*; which we take to consist in the easy, careless, unforced flow and interchange of remarks, fancies, feelings, or thoughts,—the results of reading, observation, or reflection; begun without defined object or formed purpose, and continuing its course like Wordsworth's river which 'windeth at its own sweet will,' or Burns's verses when he trusted to the inspiration of accident—

'And how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

In strictness, therefore, perhaps the title of *causeries* should only be given to such a book as we should call 'Table-Talk.' But we are not disposed to quarrel with M. Sainte-Beuve for giving it to his valuable collection of familiar essays, critical and biographical, the justly celebrated '*Causeries du Lundi*;' still less to find fault with M. Feuillet de Conches for bestowing it on a book which, without any extraordinary stretch of fancy, we can imagine to have grown out of conversations with persons of congenial pursuits,—the scene varying between the library, the picture-gallery, the museum, and the collector's cabinet. Each

freely and frankly communicates the discoveries he has made or the information he has collected; the *pièce justificative*, or illustrative document, in the shape of an autograph letter, manuscript, engraving, or portrait, is produced or appealed to; then come inquiry, comment, amicable difference, and discussion; till materials are accumulated for a book rivalling the '*Curiosities of Literature*' in erudition, and far surpassing it in accuracy, penetration, and suggestiveness. Indeed, we have rarely met with one which opens so many fruitful fields of inquiry, supplies so many important topics of speculation, or brings the critical faculty so pleasantly and profitably into play.

The tendency and utility of such a work are so obvious, that there was little need of the apologetic preface of sixty pages, addressed to the celebrated advocate and juriconsult, M. Chaix d'Est-Ange. Considering how chronicles, journals, correspondence, household-books, news-letters, broad sheets, loose scraps of every kind, have been ransacked and turned to account by recent writers of note,—the literary world in general, and historians in particular, would seem to be sufficiently awake already to the value of well-authenticated details and contemporary evidence, however homely and minute. M. Philarète Chasles might safely have been left unanswered when he exclaimed, 'What care I about the patience or scrupulousness of a former frequenter of the Alexandrian library who should have saved for me, in twenty-five volumes folio, the *billets-doux* of Cleopatra and the bills of her washerwoman and jeweller.' Twenty-five volumes in folio would be a large order, but can it be doubted that Cleopatra's bills, to say nothing of her *billets-doux*, would help to throw light on the habits and manners of the lady, the country, and the time? Can M. Philarète Chasles have forgotten the philosophic reflection of Pascal that, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed? Minute personal details have been rightly treasured by biographers; and we feel grateful to Mr. Forster for printing the bill of Goldsmith's tailor, Mr. Filby of Water Lane, although it does not specify the charge for the famous peach-coloured coat which provoked the sarcasm of Johnson.

At the same time we are not sorry that M. Feuillet de Conches has been seduced into a vindication of his plan; for, if superfluous, his preface is the opposite of commonplace or dull. It comprises a brief and rapid but masterly appreciation of the leading French memoirs; and after illustrating

by instances the advantages of biographical details and private letters in estimating books as well as men, it proceeds to give proofs of the serious liability incurred by authors who are content with secondhand authority.

'When we write a book, it is our reflection, our reason, that speak; we express only our ideas, sometimes only the hypocrisy of our ideas. When we write letters, we more commonly express our sentiments and our passions. Read, for example, the elegant pages in which Sallust raises altars to poverty, proclaims the ineffable sweetness and the eminent dignity of the Stoic moralists, stigmatises with burning declamation, with virtuous anger, the corruption of Rome, the extortion in the provinces. Is it after reading this that we shall recognise this Sallust, the corrupter of the domestic hearth, the blood-stained tribune, the slave of Caesar, the impudent extortioner, whose famous museum-gardens were built with the gold and the tears of Numidia? Incredible power of abstraction! prodigious miracle of taste and art! This man, branded with infamy, talks of virtue like Cato; pen in hand he becomes virtuous.

'Shall we believe also in the disinterestedness of Seneca, in his philosophy, his austerity, his clemency, by reading nothing but his moral treatises, from which morals seem to flow rather than words. Read his life, and you will avert your looks. Alongside of some real public and private virtues, what shameful weaknesses! What infamy and crime! He knew how to die: he did not know how to live.'

When Seneca wrote his treatise in praise of poverty, he had some millions sterling out at usurious interest; and it was the pointed saying of South, that when he (Seneca) recommended people to throw away their money, it was with the view of picking it up himself.

Amongst moderns there is the familiar tale of Rousseau, invoking parental care for infancy and sending his own children to a foundling hospital; and the less known contrast between the published sentimentalism and the private conduct of St. Pierre, the author of 'Paul and Virginia,' who has been handed down to posterity, upon the not quite unimpeachable testimony of his wife, as a man of desolating egotism, violent against the feeble, mendacious with the powerful. 'I have gathered from the mouth of an intimate friend of this worthy woman,' adds M. Feuillet de Conches, 'the most startling anecdotes of this pretended good man.'

Fortunately for poor humanity, there is a compensating process or principle simultaneously at work, by aid of which the private characters of authors neutralise the repelling impressions of their works. The Count

Joseph de Maistre proclaimed the hangman the keystone of the social edifice. He deliberately laid down that, in the study of philosophy, contempt for Locke is the beginning of wisdom; that the Essay on the Human Understanding 'is most assuredly, deny it who may, all that the absolute want of genius and style can produce most wearisome;' that Bacon is a charlatan; that the *De Augmentis* is 'perfectly null and contemptible;' and the *Novum Organon* 'simply worthy of Bedlam.' No writer of anything like equal eminence has given expression to so startling an amount of prejudice, illiberality, and insulting arrogance in his books; whilst his familiar letters teem with proofs of a kindly and loving nature, of candour, liberality, and Christian virtues.

We are also told to be on our guard against drawing too broad an inference from some one memorable passage or action with which a name has been inextricably and disadvantageously mixed up. 'If there are certain cries of the heart which paint the entire man and betray the secrets of his soul, he may let drop ill-considered words in an emergency which are in contradiction to his real sentiments, to his whole life.' Or, to adopt the language of Bruyère, 'Je ne sais s'il est permis de juger des hommes par une faute qui est unique, et si un besoin extrême, ou une violente passion, ou un premier mouvement, tirent à conséquence.' Thus, we are not to believe Barnave a Robespierre because, when the death of Foulon was announced amidst the indignant murmurs in the Constituent Assembly, he exclaimed, '*Le sang qui coule, est-il donc si pur qu'on ne puisse en repandre quelques gouttes?*' He lived to make ample reparation for this outrage. Nor will it be forgotten that the Vicomte de Bonald was honest, firm, and high-minded, although, hurried away by intolerance, he impatiently replied to those who objected to making sacrilege a capital crime, '*Eh bien! les coupables iront devant leur juge naturel!*'

In order to inculcate the value of documents, M. Feuillet de Conches has unparagonably exposed celebrated authors who have proceeded on the *mon histoire est finie* principle; and he relates an anecdote which will be new to most readers. M. de Lamartine meeting M. Alexander Dumas soon after the publication of the History of the Girondins, inquired anxiously of the famous romance-writer if he had read it. '*Oui; c'est superbe! C'est de l'histoire élevée à la hauteur du roman.*'

A friend calling on Archbishop Usher

found him busily engaged in placing his choicest books and manuscripts under lock and key, a precaution which he explained by mentioning that he expected a party of bibliophiles and collectors to dinner. 'What most of all and still afflicts me,' complains Evelyn, 'those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand, which I furnished to Dr. Burnet, are pretended to have been lost at the press. The rest I lent to his countryman, the late Duke of Lauderdale, who never returned them; so as by this treachery my collection being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend of mine, who is not likely to trust a Scot with anything he values.'

A Scot is not always on the safe side in these matters. Sir Walter, after mentioning the sepulchral vase of silver sent him from Athens by Lord Byron, says that there was a letter sent with this vase more valuable than the gift itself. 'I left it naturally in the urn with the bones, but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station; most gratuitously exercised, certainly, since, after what I have said, no one will choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.'

With such tendencies abroad, M. Feuillet de Conches is quite right in warning collectors against the predatory habits of their associates; although, when he comes to particulars, his own personal grievances may turn out more imaginary than real:

'We need not go out of France in search of such adventures. Woe to the too confiding collector who forgets that of King Candaules; another Gyges might nefariously cut his throat after robbing him of his treasure! The lords of the literary world know full well how to cajole them at need, those poor collectors. One while they publish their autographs, in spite of the owners; one while they borrow what they never return, or they do not even deign to cite their names whilst making use of their treasures.'

"Sicut canis ad Nilum, bibens et fugiens." Thus Lord Brougham, to whom, through the channel of an illustrious academician, I had lent letters of the eighteenth century for his notices, published at Paris, of Voltaire and Rousseau, has profited by my communications, and has not indicated the source, so that, without falling into the grasp of the law, I should not even have the right to reprint what belongs to me.'

No such consequences could ensue, had Lord Brougham withheld the required

acknowledgment; and in the preface to 'Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III.' edition of 1855, we find, 'Besides the letters of Voltaire, communicated by Mr. Stanford, and which were given in the former editions, there are some of his, and one of Helvetius, now inserted, which had been given in the French edition, having been kindly communicated by M. Feuillet, a gentleman of great respectability.'

Another story, well authenticated by references, relates to the Mallebranche correspondence, purchased at the Millon sale by a collector, and lent to a *grand philosophe* (not named) who forthwith made arrangements for publishing the letters and refused to return the originals.

'Philosophy, I presume, has privileges which simplify the domestic economy of property, and are denied to vulgar simplicity. "Oh, physics! preserve me from metaphysics," exclaimed the great Newton every morning of his life. The poor collector would not give in. He appealed to the authority of the worthy and loyal academician (the witness of the loan). Vain effort! A common friend, the author of the excellent edition of Pascal after the originals, was not more fortunate. Plato hugged his prize, his by right divine.'

'Comply with the conditions, objected M. F. . . or restore. He who has bought and paid is the lawful owner. To print in spite of him in the *Journal des Savans*, would be the violation of his right; for after all, if he brought an action against you, what right could you allege? "My right," replied the philosopher, with a vivacity which had at least the merit of frankness, "My passion is my right."

Taking for granted, then, the value of original documents and evidences of all sorts, as well as the rights of property in them, to be established by the preface, we proceed to the main body of the work, which opens with an attempt to ascertain what are the oldest manuscripts and likenesses, painted or carved, that are proved by history or tradition to have once existed; how far down they can be traced, and when they were destroyed or lost sight of. The sacred archives come first, and questions arise, what became of the tables which Moses deposited in an ark? or of the copies of the law which the successive kings of Israel were directed to write out? or of the title-deeds which, like that of Hana-meel's field, 'were put in earthen vessels that they might continue many days'? The wars of the Jews, their eventual subjugation and dispersion, with the repeated spoliation or destruction of the holy build-

ings in which their archives were deposited, sufficiently account for the disappearance of the originals at an early period; including the original of the Septuagint version of the Bible, made 277 B.C. from a copy, for which, according to Josephus, an enormous sum was paid by Ptolemy.

The persecutions of the early Christians, and their scattered state, will equally account for the rapid disappearance of the autographs or originals of the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse. There is not so much as an authenticated scrap of the handwriting of any of the Fathers of the Church. The Greek copy of the Evangelists, known as the Codex Alexandrinus, in the British Museum, is assigned to the beginning of the fifth century, and the tradition attributing it to St. Thecla, one of St. Paul's virgin converts, is apocryphal at best. The pretended autograph of the Gospel according to St. Mark is still shown at Venice in a dilapidated, fragmentary, and utterly illegible state. Such as it is, it was brought with great ceremony from a convent in Aquileia in 1420, and is held to be nothing more than a devotional compilation for the use of the nuns. The autograph of autographs (priceless as the seamless coat), could it be recovered, is the letter of our Saviour to Abgar, Prince of Edessa, promising to send a disciple to cure his leprosy and teach his people the true faith. An Armenian historian of the fourth century, who gives the text of the prince's application and the reply, says that Abgar, after having been baptised by the Apostle Thaddeus, wrote to Tiberius to confirm the miraculous life and death of Christ. St. John of Damascus relates the same incident with modifications. Procopius, in the time of Justinian, mentions this holy letter, then augmented by a postscript promising the city of Edessa that it should never fall into the hands of enemies; and in 940 A.D. the Roman emperor got possession of it; that is, he procured from Edessa a document in Greek which was there treasured as the original. He had it magnificently framed in gold and jewels, which probably caused its destruction; for it disappeared for good and all during the revolution of 1185, when the people of Constantinople rose and plundered the imperial palace.

Copies have been preserved; the oldest extant being one in the Escorial, made by a monk in 1435; and the authenticity of the epistle was first questioned by a celebrated philologist of the fifteenth century, Laurentius Valla, who went so far as to deny the existence of Abgar. The controversy

was learnedly and conscientiously revived by an ecclesiastical historian of repute in the last century. 'But,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'knowledge and good faith are not criticism.' So, spite of this testimony, the epistle in question has been long since relegated to the company of the counterfeits, with the text of the sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, with the letters of Christ which fell from heaven after his ascension, with the letters of the Virgin and the verses of the Sibyls, with the letters of the Devil (of which facsimiles have been published by Collin de Plancy), with the letter of the same Pontius Pilate on the life of Jesus Christ, and finally that of Publius Lentulus, which gives, from life, the portrait of the Messiah.

The letter of Lentulus opens a subject of the deepest and most reverential interest; but it has been so fully and admirably treated by Lady Eastlake that a bare outline of the main argument may suffice in this place.* This famous document purports to be a Report from a Roman proconsul to the senate, describing from actual observation the form, features, voice, bearing, look and manner of the Messiah, — the pure and open brow, the rich wine-coloured (*vinei coloris*) hair parted in the middle and falling on the shoulders, the clear blue eyes, the regular features with their grave yet sweet expression; painting, in short, so far as words can paint, the very *beau idéal* popularly received of the mortal attributes of the Divine Founder of our faith. It has been confidently alleged that this letter was extracted by Eutropius from the archives of the senate; that several Fathers of the Church made mention of it; and that portraits were painted after it by the command of Constantine the Great. To all this, the decisive reply is, that there was no proconsul named Lentulus in Judæa at the period; that no trace of the letter is discoverable in Eutropius; that none of the Fathers (including St. Augustine, who speaks of pretended portraits of Christ) make mention of it; and that the earliest notice of it occurs in the fifteenth century, when the famous preacher, Père Olivier Maillard, produced it in macaronic French.

Not content with these strong grounds for incredulity, M. Feuillet de Conches maintains that it would not be difficult to arrive at the source of the forgery, to pick

* 'The History of our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art, &c. Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson. Continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. London: 1864.' We refer to the introduction.

out word by word the elements in the different traditional portraits in writing which lie scattered amongst the Fathers or the Greek ecclesiastical writers. He proceeds to proof, and a valuable piece of criticism is the result; from which we shall simply borrow an episodic passage or two on the startling doubt which long vexed and divided the Fathers, namely, whether the Divine Essence was reflected in the beauty of the outward and visible form, or hidden, for the wisest and best of purposes, under a mean and unattractive exterior.

The New Testament gave no help to either side. The Old Testament inflamed the controversy by an apparent diversity. 'Thou art fairer than the children of men,' is the inspired language of the Psalmist. 'He hath no form nor comeliness,' is the similarly inspired prophecy of Isaiah. The holy disputants, as was their wont, declined any rational explanation or reconciliation of the texts; and as no reference was made to the authority of Lentulus, the fair inference is that none of them had ever heard of him. St. Justin declared positively for ugliness: 'By appearing under an abject and humiliating exterior, our Saviour did but add to what the mystery of the redemption offers of sublime and touching.' Tertullian was strong for the same theory: 'Ne aspectu quidem honestus.' 'Nec humane honestatis fuit corpus ejus.' 'Si inglorius, si ignobilis, si inhonorabilis, meus erit Christus.' The pagans, accustomed to deify beauty, saw their advantage and struck in. 'Your Christ is ugly,' exclaimed Celsus with true Epicurean logic, 'then he is not God.' The three great divines of the Western Church, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustin, stoutly held out for beauty, and the opposite opinion, discredited in Europe, was eventually confined to the Manichæans and some doctors of the East.

It may be collected from these disputes that no certain image or representation of the form and features of Christ has been handed down by tradition. There is also much weight in the remark, that the most ancient effigies are stamped with a Greek or Roman character, both in physiognomy and costume, without any trace of the Arabian or Israelite type. Thus, before the Byzantine style fixed *à la grecque* the face and costume of Jesus, the paintings of the Roman catacombs gave him a Roman face, and clothed him with the toga and the pallium. Dating from these productions, there have been two principal types—the type of the Western Church and the type

of the Eastern; varied to infinity by degrees of civilisation, by race, by manners, and by clime. 'The Greeks,' says Photius, 'think that He became man after their image; the Romans, that He had the features of a Roman; the Indians, that of an Indian; the Ethiopians made him a black.' Black Virgins, we need hardly repeat, were painted and carved in ebony according to the received tradition, and still abound in Catholic countries.

The extent to which some of the great painters have travestied sacred subjects is familiar to all students of art; and the liberties taken by a ruder school are amusing by their mingled absurdity and singularity:

'In some of his pictures Rembrandt made Abraham a burgess of his time, and the Messiah a burgomaster of Saardam. In the old paintings representing the fall of Adam and Eve, it is not uncommon to find the forbidden fruit varying with the country or province. In Normandy and Picardy it is the classic apple, one of the riches of the country; in Burgundy and Champagne, the bunch of grapes; in Provence and Portugal, the fig and the orange; whilst in America it is the guava. The guide to the paintings of Mount Athos prescribes the fig. The fig-tree is under the protection of a Greek saint, Theodora, named the fig-eater. In Greece, then, it is generally the fig which is adopted on account of the sweetness and abundance of the fruit. In Italy it is sometimes the fig, sometimes the orange, according to the province or caprice.'

The Venerable Bede, not content with giving the names and ages of the Magi or wise men of the Epiphany, enters into minute details of their personal appearance and their respective gifts. Thus, Melchior, a white-haired sage, offers the gold; Gaspar, beardless and fresh-coloured, the frankincense; and Balthasar, dark and full-bearded, the myrrh. Bede followed the tradition of his age, the seventh century. But what did Cardinal Mazarin follow, or direct to be followed, when he ordered for his gallery an unbroken series of portraits of the Popes, beginning with St. Peter. A similar series has been reproduced in mosaic at Rome, and may also be seen in the schools of theology at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; the portraits being about on a par with those of the early Kings of France, beginning with Pharamond, at Versailles, or those of the Kings of Scotland at Holyrood, which (as Sir Walter Scott relates) elicited an acute criticism from a Persian ambassador. Addressing the housekeeper, who was doing the honours, he asked, 'You

paint them yourself?' and on her modest profession of inability, he continued, 'You no able? you try, and you paint better.'

The establishment of the National Portrait Gallery under the auspices of Earl Stanhope and the discriminating superintendence of Mr. Scharf, and the Exhibition at South Kensington, have enabled us to take stock, as it were, of our possessions in this line of art, and to determine with tolerable certainty which of our earliest portraits may be accepted as authentic, i. e., as paintings from the life. The oldest known in our time was the portrait of Edward III. in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. This was destroyed by fire in 1834, but careful copies were fortunately taken from it for the Society of Antiquaries in 1812. The oldest extant of recognised authenticity is the portrait of Richard III. in Windsor Castle, where, however, there is a portrait of Edward IV. which good judges (including Mr. Scharf) are inclined to think genuine. They are not so sure of her Majesty's portrait of Henry IV., although some put faith in it, relying on the features and costume. The earliest of the genuine pictures in the National Portrait Gallery is a Richard III., next in quality and equal in genuineness to the one at Windsor. The second earliest in that collection is a Cardinal Wolsey. The earliest at South Kensington are the portraits of Sir John Donne by Memling (No. 18) and Edward Grimston by Petrus Christus (No. 17); both by artists of considerable distinction in the history of art.

We can abandon with comparative indifference any small remains of faith we may have cherished in the traditional likenesses of barbaric kings or popes, but it is a very different matter when we are required to believe that no trustworthy images of the heroes, statesmen, poets, orators, and philosophers of classical antiquity have descended to us; that the busts of Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal, Pericles, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Demosthenes, Cicero, Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle, with a host of others which we have been wont to admire or venerate, are apocryphal. The *primâ facie* argument is rather favourable to many of them. Fame is more lasting than brass, *are perennius*, but brass, bronze, and marble are lasting enough to have endured to our time, and retain a faithful reflex of form and features, of character and mind. We know that the ancients were never tired of multiplying statues of their great men, and that the highest genius was employed on the greatest: Phidias, on Pericles, Socrates,

and Alcibiades; Praxiteles, on Demosthenes; Lysippus, on Alexander and Aristotle, and so on. Alexander issued a decree reserving the right of reproducing his image to three artists: Apelles, for painting; Pyrgoteles, for stone engraving; Lysippus, for statuary in bronze. The more statues, the more honour, and the number erected to the popular favourites was immense. Unluckily they were knocked down as eagerly as they had been set up when the tide turned. No sooner had the news of the battle of Pharsalia reached the capital, than all Pompey's statues were thrown down and mutilated. Augustus began his reign by destroying all the busts and images of the assassins of Cæsar. At the same time he set about forming a collection of the triumphal statues of the great men who had contributed to the power of Rome; and the imperial city at that time boasted many private galleries rich with the spoils of Greece. If Mummius burnt Corinth with most of its inestimable treasures of art—that same Mummius who gave the well-known caution to the carriers of what he saved—Sylla thanked the gods for having granted him two signal favours: the friendship of Metellus Pius, and the good fortune of having taken Athens without destroying it.

But independently of the risks of removal, and the increased difficulty of identification, the accumulation of all the finest productions of art in one place, and that place the capital of the world which ambition or sedition periodically converted into a battle-field, was one main cause of their being wholly lost, or of their descending in an unsatisfactory condition to posterity. *Furor arma ministrat*: anything or everything, sacred or profane, becomes a weapon in a deadly conflict when the blood is up. 'I expect little aid from their hand,' said Front de Bœuf, alluding to the stone images in his chapel, 'unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering Saint Christopher yonder, sufficient to bear a whole company to the earth.' The Roman warriors thought and acted like the rude Norman baron. When Titus Flavius Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, was besieged in the burning capital by the troops of Vitellius, he repaired breaches and formed barricades with the statues of the Temple of Jupiter. Fire and earthquake co-operated with civil war and barbaric conquest to complete the work of devastation; whatever was left unbroken or distinguishable lay buried under heaps of ruin; and when the superincumbent mass of rubbish was

cleared away after the lapse of ages, the grand difficulty arose of appropriating the proper names to the best preserved images, and of duly assorting the arms, legs, heads and noses of the mutilated.

This difficulty was aggravated by a known practice of the ancients, which may have suggested to Sir Roger de Coverley the notion of transforming by a few touches of the brush the sign of 'The Knight's Head,' set up in his honour, into 'The Saracen's Head!' When the Rhodians decreed the honour of a statue to a general, he was desired to choose which he liked amongst the existing votive statues, and the dedication was altered by the insertion of his name. The prevalence and antiquity of this method of substitution are proved by Plato's proposed law for compelling the statuary to form each statue out of a single block; and instances abound of the change of heads from vanity, caprice, or accident. A striking passage in Statius charges Cæsar with the incredible folly of cutting off the head of an equestrian statue of Alexander by Lysippus, and replacing it by a gilded effigy of himself. Tacitus states that Tiberius decapitated a statue of Augustus to make room for his own head; and the gods of Greece, including the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, were similarly treated by Caligula with a view to his own deification. There is a statue of Pompey at Rome reputed to be the very one at whose base, 'which all the time ran blood, great Cæsar fell.' But, objects M. Feuillet de Conches, we must have recourse to some anecdote, suspicious as ingenious, to be persuaded that the head, very badly restored, is really the original head. Rome is full of antiquity-mongers, who will supply any number of consuls' or emperors' heads and noses to order.

Napoleon was a great admirer of Hannibal, and one day, during a visit to the Louvre, he stopped before the bust which bears the name of his hero, and inquired of M. Visconti, the distinguished antiquary, whether it was authentic. 'It is possible,' was the reply; 'the Romans erected his statue in three public places of a city within the bounds of which, alone among the enemies of Rome, he had cast a javelin. Caracalla, who ranked him among the great captains, also raised several statues to him; but all this is much posterior to Hannibal.' 'This effigy,' rejoined Napoleon, 'has nothing African about it. Besides, Hannibal was blind of one eye, and this is not. Are there any medals of the time confirmatory of this bust?' 'There are medals, also long

posterior.' 'Then it has been done *après coup*. I do not believe in it.'

Although the inference from the eye may not be deemed conclusive by connoisseurs, that drawn from the want of contemporary medals carries weight. When medals and gems fail, the deficiency is not unfrequently supplied by inscriptions or books. The fine bust of Cicero at the Vatican is authenticated by a passage in Livy as well as by medals. There are no well-authenticated busts, medals, or gems of Virgil or Horace; although the biographers of Virgil do not hesitate to describe him as tall and dark, with long, flowing hair, whilst the personal peculiarities of Horace may be collected from his writings. The best bust of Plato is apocryphal, which is probably the reason why Mr. Grote's last great work, 'Plato and the other Companions of Socrates,' appears without a frontispiece. This range of subjects is inexhaustible; and our immediate object is simply to skim the cream of a semi-classical, semi-artistic *causerie*. We will now suppose the conversation turning on some other singularities of classical antiquity, which throw light on its intellectual or secret history, and suggest parallels or contrasts with modern life and manners.

We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are not listening to the story of an English or French collector, when we are told of Libanius of Antioch hearing that an Iliad and an Odyssey of prodigious antiquity were about to be sold at Athens, and commissioning a friend to purchase them. On receipt of the coveted treasures, he sends a fine copy of the Iliad, more recent but correct, in acknowledgment of the friend's services. He next learns that a copy of the Odyssey which seemed contemporary with Homer, is for sale, and purchases it. But he is so ill-advised as to lend it, and as it is not returned, we find him complaining and lamenting, very much like Evelyn when he denounced the carelessness or dishonesty of the two Scot borrowers, or the French gentleman who was done out of the Malebranche's letters by the philosopher. Why, asks M. Feuillet de Conches, did he not act like the Faculty of Paris who held out against Louis XII., all absolute as he was, and refused to lend him an Arabian manuscript without a deposit of a hundred gold pieces, and would not abate a livre on seeing the royal treasurer forced to sell a part of his own plate to make up half of the security?

The greatest private collection of autographs at Rome is said to have been that of

Mucianus, the friend of Pliny the Elder. He especially rejoiced in the possession of the reputed letter of Sarpedon to Priam, which he had discovered in a temple whilst he was governor of Lycia. Among other celebrated autographs in which the Greek and Roman collectors put faith, may be named the letters of Artaxerxes and Democritus to Hypocrates, the correspondence of Alexander and Aristotle, the letter of Zenobia to Aurelian in the handwriting of Longinus, and the letters of Titus to Josephus, testifying to the trustworthiness of his history of the Jews. It might safely be taken for granted, without evidence of the fact, that the autographs of Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, &c. &c., were as eagerly sought after and as highly prized in ancient times as those of the corresponding celebrities in our own. But we are not left to conjecture. Pliny speaks of having seen autographs of Cicero and Virgil. Quintilian mentions manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus and Cato the Censor, *apropos* of certain differences and singularities of orthography which the copyists had not preserved. Cicero refers to an autograph of Ennius for the same purpose. Aulus Gellius had seen a manuscript of the *Georgics*, corrected by the author, as well as a manuscript of the second book of the *Æneid* which passed for the original, or at least came from the house and the family of Virgil. The first known use of the word autograph is in Suetonius, *Literæ Augusti Autographæ*.

A great variety of materials were employed for writing by the Romans, besides the waxed tablets, without which no Roman of condition ever went abroad. For epistolary correspondence they used a fine papyrus called Augustan; the second quality was called Livian; the third, Claudian. They had also (adds M. Feuillet de Conches) 'great eagle paper' like ourselves. Curious points of analogy abound in this portion of his book. The ancients had ingenious cyphers for their secret despatches, and sent private orders to their commanders or ambassadors which could not be opened, so as to be legible, without a peculiar contrivance or the key. Cæsar's usual method was to write by agreement the fourth letter of the alphabet for the first; for example, D for A, and so on, varying the arrangement occasionally. The Romans had also short-hand writers, a chosen number of whom were employed by Cicero to take down a speech of Cato. Martial and Ausonius bear testimony to the surprising skill of some of them. We find emperors and consuls scribbling on monuments, and as

careless of profaning or defacing them as modern travellers or bagmen. M. Letroune found the names of Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, inscribed on the statue of Memnon at Thebes. He might also have copied from it, had he thought fit, '*Pierre Giroux le grand vainqueur, grenadier de la deuxième demi-brigade, division Desaix, passait par Thèbes, le 7 Messidor, An VII, pour se rendre aux cataractes du Nil.*'

The conceit of compressing the greatest quantities of writing into a given space was carried to excess by the Romans. Cicero speaks of the entire *Iliad* having been written on just so much skin or parchment as was contained in a nutshell—in *nuce inclusam*. This tour de force was rivalled by the poet, mentioned by Pliny, who contrived to inclose a distich in letters of gold within the husk of a grain of corn, an exploit which may pair off with that of the Frenchman who wrote the four canonical prayers on his nail. M. Feuillet de Conches has discovered a marked analogy between the French bureaucracy and the Roman scribes, who formed a corporation of which Horace was a member. They had gradually grown into considerable importance, and must not be confounded with the copyists, masters and journeymen, who answered to our printers and booksellers. The *Sosii* were the *Murrays* and *Longmans* of the Augustan age of Rome. The patricians were not ashamed to compete with them in this peculiar line of business. The house of Atticus is described as an immense establishment in which skilful workmen, mostly slaves, were busied in copying, pressing, and binding for the book-market. One amongst them, named Tiron, highly commended by Cicero, turned out copies that took rank like *Elzevirs*.

Women were much employed as copyists, and occasionally as scribes or secretaries. We have heard, prior to the abolition of serfdom, of white slaves in Russia embarked in commerce or eminent in art, vainly offering enormous sums for enfranchisement; and cases of the same kind were of frequent occurrence in Greece and Rome. An actor was prepared to give a sum equivalent to seven or eight thousand pounds sterling for his liberty. One Canisius Sabinus (mentioned by Seneca) a man of enormous wealth who wished to shine as a diner-out in spite of his natural dullness, procured a dozen slaves who were made to learn by heart select passages from the popular poets and instructed how to prompt him when he broke down or had nothing to say. As the required duty implied memory and tact, the slaves

are said to have cost him, on the average, a hundred thousand sesterces (about 800*l.*) apiece.

Mural and monumental inscriptions apart, the oldest specimens of Roman writing extant are those discovered in Pompeii and Herculaneum. Next in order of antiquity to these stand a Terence of the fourth century and a Virgil of the fifth, both on parchment, now in the Vatican. How happens it that, out of the multitude of manuscripts in general circulation for several centuries later, not a single known original, and hardly one perfect copy, of an eminent classic author has survived the dark ages? The best solution will be found in the never-ceasing war waged against learning and knowledge, by bigotry and ignorance, from the decline of civilisation to its revival or new birth. 'The Romans,' says Disraeli the elder, 'burnt the books of the Jews, of the Christians, and of the philosophers; the Jews burnt the books of the Christians and the Pagans; the Christians burnt the books of the Pagans and the Jews.' Take, for instance, the fate of Livy, of whom we have only thirty-five books, and those incomplete, out of one hundred and forty. Independently of the long chapter of accidents common to all, he was honoured by the senseless enmity of Caligula, who ordered his works, along with those of Virgil and Homer, to be cast out of all the libraries. Livy was afterwards treated much in the same fashion by Gregory the Great, who placed him in the *Index*. This same Pope (says Disraeli) ordered that the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature formed by successive emperors, should be committed to the flames. He issued this order under the notion of confining the attention of the clergy to the Holy Scriptures. From that time all ancient learning which was not sanctioned by the authority of the Church has been emphatically distinguished as *profane* in opposition to *sacred*. This pope is said to have burnt the works of Varro, the learned Roman, that Saint Austin might escape from the charge of plagiarism, being deeply indebted to Varro for much of his great work, 'The City of God.'

This is not the only irreparable loss that has been attributed to plagiarism. Cicero's treatise *De Gloria* was extant in the fourteenth century and in the possession of Petrarch, who lent it, and it was lost. Two centuries later it was traced to a convent library, from which it had disappeared under circumstances justifying a suspicion that the guardian of the library, Pierre Alegonius,

had destroyed it to conceal the fraudulent use made of the contents for his treatise *De Exsilio*, many pages of which (to borrow a simile from the Critic) lie upon the surface, like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilise. Leonard Aretin, believing himself the sole possessor of a manuscript of Procopius on the War of the Goths, translated it into Latin, and passed for the author until another copy turned up. The *Causeur* relates a similar anecdote of Augustin Barbosa, Bishop of Ugento, who printed a treatise *De Officio Episcoporum*. His cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin manuscript. The prelate had the curiosity to read the fragment. Struck with the subject, he ran to the market, and ransacked the stalls till he had discovered the book from which the leaf had been torn. It was the treatise *De Officiis*, which, adding very little of his own, he published among his works, 'to the greater glory of God.' This was a bolder stroke for fame than that of an Irish bishop, still living, who incorporated a brother divine's sermon in his charge. Plagiarism, however, was not esteemed so heinous an offence as it is at present, and our actual stores of thought and knowledge have been enriched by it. Thus, Sulpicius Severus, the Christian Sallust, is believed to have copied his account of the capture of Jerusalem from the lost books of Tacitus.

How little comparative value was attached for some time after the revival of letters to the classic masterpieces, may be inferred from the confession of Petrarch, that he had seen several in his youth of which all trace had subsequently been lost; among others, the Second Decade of Livy. Its fate was curious, although perhaps not singular. The tutor of a Marquis de Ronville, playing at tennis near Saumur, found that his racket was made with a leaf of old parchment containing a fragment of this Decade. He hurried to the racket-maker to save the remains: all had passed into rackets.

Tacitus had a better chance than Livy; for his imperial namesake, after supplying all the public libraries with his works, ordered ten fresh copies to be executed annually; yet thirty books were lost, and the manuscript of what are saved escaped by a miracle; a single copy in a state of rapid decomposition having been discovered in a convent in Westphalia.

We have lingered with pleasure over this classical *causerie*, which is just such as may be supposed going on at Earl Stanhope's,

Dean Milman's, Mr. Gladstone's, or Mr. Grote's, when the late Sir George Lewis and Lord Macaulay were alive to join in it. *Decies repetita placebit*; and although many of the details may not be new to the accomplished bibliophile — to the Duc d'Aumale or M. Van der Weyer — we are not afraid of falling under the sarcasm levelled in Gil Blas at the pedant who solemnly narrated that the Athenian children cried when they were whipped; 'a fact of which, but for his vast and select erudition, we should have remained ignorant.'

We shall pass more rapidly over the chapters devoted to China. But although the gloss of novelty has been taken off by recent travellers, there is still a good deal left in the Celestial Empire for the philosophical inquirer to glean and speculate upon. The respect paid by the Chinese to paper or parchment on which written or printed characters have been impressed, contrasts strikingly with the European mode of thinking, ancient and modern. Martial's friend, Statius, tells him that his book has all the air of paper in which Egyptian pepper and Byzantine anchovies are to be packed; and the same vein of pleasantry may be traced in a letter from Hume to Robertson: I 'forgot to tell you that two days ago I was in the House of Commons, where an English gentleman came to me and told me he had lately sent to a grocer's shop for a pound of raisins which he received wrapped up in a paper that that he showed me. How would you have turned pale at the sight! It was a leaf of your History, and the very character of Queen Elizabeth which you had laboured so finely, little thinking it would soon come to so disgraceful an end.' After stating that the publisher, Millar, had come to him for information to trace out the theft, he adds: 'In vain did I remonstrate that this was, sooner or later, the fate of all authors *serius, ocyus, sors exitura*. He will not be satisfied and begs me to keep my jokes for another occasion.'

To the Chinese, who regard the art of speaking to the eyes by marks or signs as a gift from on high, handwriting and printing, means for the reproduction of thoughts, are sacred. The trade of ink-making is esteemed honourable for the same reason. Hence in China a scrap of printed paper or writing is never wittingly trodden under foot or used as a wrapper: it is carefully picked up; and in the vestibule of each house is a perfuming-pan destined to receive and burn all waste papers of the kind. 'Tea and other objects of commerce,' adds

M. Feuillet de Conches, 'are always packed in blank paper.' Thus, too, pocket-handkerchiefs being in China an object of show and luxury, every great dignitary is followed by a valet, who, on visits of ceremony, carries his spitting-box and presents him with small pieces of paper every time he wishes to blow his nose. These pieces of paper are blank, never printed or written.

The same veneration for writing was possessed by a Christian saint, François d'Assise, who flourished in the thirteenth century. If his eye fell on any scrap of writing in his walks, he scrupulously picked it up, for fear of treading on the name of the Lord or any passage treating of things sacred. When one of his disciples inquired of him why he picked up with equal care the writings of pagans, he replied, 'My son, it is with the letters of these writings that we form the most glorious name of God.'

A religious respect for the staff of life, bread, is not confined to the Chinese. We are told of a janissary dropping out of a procession at Aleppo, and dismounting to remove a piece of bread, lest it should be profaned by the horses' hoofs. During the great fire of London, popularly attributed to the Catholics, a member of the Portuguese Embassy was apprehended on a charge of throwing fireballs into houses. On examination it was proved that he had simply picked up a piece of bread, and placed it on the ledge of a window; an act which he explained by stating that, according to a feeling prevalent among his countrymen, to have left it on the pavement would have been a sin. To return to the Chinese: it stands to reason that they attach the highest value to the handwriting of their rulers and worthies — in other words, to autographs. Even fac-similes are held in high esteem, and the interior of temples are adorned with them, posted like advertising bills against the walls. The great pagoda of Canton boasts no other decoration; neither does the great temple of Confucius at Peking. By some fatality no manuscript from the actual hand of this philosopher has been preserved. All his autographs have disappeared, although autographs are extant of the two preceding centuries.

The use of red ink is reserved to the emperors, so that it would be neither easy nor safe to counterfeit their autographs, which are carefully deposited in the state archives when the immediate purpose has been served. The signature of the Mongol emperors consisted merely of the impress of the forefinger and thumb. The first-class

mandarins claimed the privilege of authenticating documents in the same manner. The Dalar-Lama made his mark with the entire palm. Writing, however, was part of the imperial education. Kang the Third, contemporary with Louis Quatorze, rivalled the Grand Monarque in the importance which he attached to his matutinal condition and preparations. It was his wont, at his *lever*, to circulate among his courtiers a bulletin written with his own hand, in his own red ink, containing words to this effect: 'I am well!' One of these papers has been sold for forty pounds in the autograph market of Pekin; and the price sounds far from exorbitant.

In the competitive examinations of China — in which, by the way, they were as much in advance of Europeans as in the first rude invention of printing and gunpowder — the handwriting carries as many marks as the composition; and in the case of aspirants to the Academy of Pekin, it is the Emperor in person who examines the papers, counts the strokes of the letters, and verifies their agreement and form. 'One is always sure, therefore,' concludes M. Feuillet de Conches, 'when one has to do with a *Han-Lin*, or academician, to have to do with a scholar, a distinguished man of letters, and one skilled in the caligraphy of his country.'

With a reasonable distrust of their school of painting, the Chinese have never formed a picture-gallery, although in the strictly imitative arts they never were excelled, not even by the grapes of Zeuxis, the curtain of Parrhasius, or the door at Greenwich Hospital. Their grand stumbling block is perspective, in which their most formidable rivals are the Pre-Raphaelites. 'Their style,' remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, 'talent apart, is that of Cimabue and Giotto, abandoned by Massaccio, resumed by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, and, an age later, by Holbein himself in some of his portraits.'

The next, the third part, of these *Cause-ries* starts with the aphorism that all collections are useful, although some may be more useful than others. Just so, we have heard it plausibly maintained that all wine is good, although some is better than another, and all women handsome, although some are handsomer than others. Yet we are quite willing to concede the utility, provided the disproportioned trouble and expense in some instances are conceded in return; as in forming collections of postage-stamps, of advertisements, of ropes with which celebrated criminals have been hanged, or of bills of fare or *menus* of the best tables, with which a friend of ours, well placed in diplo-

macy, has filled an album of several volumes. A startling variety are enumerated by M. Feuillet de Conches, illustrated by anecdotes, and setting consecutive description at defiance; but his pages are so rich in materials that quoting from them at random is like dipping into the kettle of Camacho: something tempting and racy is almost certain to come up. Thus, *apropos* of Frederic the Great's collection of snuff-boxes (containing more than 1,500) he describes a snuff-box of Talleyrand and its use. It was double, two snuff-boxes joined together by a common bottom. The one was politely offered to his acquaintance; the other, never to be profaned by the finger and thumb of a third person, was reserved for himself. Here we recognize the diplomatist, so eternally on his guard, that when a lady requested his autograph, he wrote his name on the very top of the sheet of paper handed to him.

The principal collector of ropes is declared to be an Englishman, and a member of the Humane Society, who died about seventeen years ago. To each rope was attached a memoir of the subject or sufferer; and in most instances the last dying speech and confession was annexed, proving, it is added, the perfection to which, by dint of practice, the eloquence of the drop has arrived in the United Kingdom. 'Can it be, as is asserted on the authority of an English writer, whose name I forget, that in England the masters were wont to practise their pupils in this kind of composition, so that every good Englishman on entering into the world had his peroration ready *en cas* of the accident of the gallows?' Is there anything that a Frenchman, lettered or unlettered, will not believe of an Englishman, — not at all out of ill-nature or ill-will, but out of sheer ignorance? In the month of January 1866, a French journal described the English aristocracy as habitually risking their *certainete de guinées* on the result of a cockfight; and M. Feuillet de Conches reproduces, without questioning, the statement of Diderot that, in a secluded quarter of St. James's Park, there was a pond in which the female sex had the exclusive privilege of drowning themselves. So well-informed a writer might surely have learned that the English occupy only the third or fourth rank in the statistics of suicide, and that the Prussians stand first.

The collection of ropes begins with Sir Thomas Blount, who was executed in the reign of Henry IV. It contains instruments which, according to the notes annexed, had served in executions when the culprit or martyr was hung between two dogs, or with

a dog tied to his feet. There, too, was the silken cord which Lord Ferrers begged hard to substitute for the hempen one — as great a curiosity as the sword which Balaam wished for to punish his ass; and with it might have been appropriately ticketed one of the willow twigs, the received makeshifts in Ireland; so received, in fact, *temp. Elizabeth*, that a rebel with a rope round his neck claimed the privilege of the twig. Bowstrings, which had done signal duty in the East, abounded; and one rope professed to be the very rope with which Lord Bacon's friend tried whether death by suffocation was agreeable or not. The practical conclusion, contrary to the theoretical one of some recent essayists on the abolition of capital punishment, was in the negative. An appropriate inscription to be placed over the door of a collection of this kind might be taken from the *Trüdelheze's* speech in the *Walpurgisnacht*, or from a well-known passage in *Tam o' Shanter*.

Light is thrown on manners by collections, common in France, of *billets de naissance, de mariage, and de mort or d'enterrement*. Those in use towards the middle of the last century were adorned with emblems, like valentines; and artistic skill of a high order was frequently employed upon them. An account of the *billet d'enterrement* of the Duke de Lavanguyon, a masterpiece of the kind, may be read in the Literary Correspondence of Grimm. The same fashion partially prevailed in England; and the card of invitation to the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Bartolozzi, would fetch a high price. A plentiful harvest was offered to collectors of a gloomy and reflective turn by the violation of the graves at St. Denis in 1793. One of them, Ledon, *physicien* (conjuror) by profession, contrived to abstract fragments of the tombs sufficient to construct a sarcophagus for the rest of his acquisitions, consisting of bones, crowns, sceptres, shrouds, and other relics and emblems of defunct kings and queens. The bodies were mostly in different stages of decomposition; but a few were perfectly preserved and had a complete look of life. Henry IV. looked as if he had just fallen asleep, and his fresh appearance led to an incident, related by a bystander, which seems to have escaped M. Feuillet de Conches: —

'A soldier who was present, moved by a martial enthusiasm at the moment of the opening of the coffin, threw himself on the body of the conqueror of the League, and after a long silence of admiration, he drew his sabre, cut off a long

lock (*mèche*) of his beard, which was still fresh, exclaiming at the same time in energetic and truly military terms: "And I too am a French soldier. Henceforward I will have no other moustache." Placing this precious lock on his upper lip: "Now I am sure of conquering the enemies of France, and I march to victory." So saying he withdrew.*

The Grand Monarque, also, was found in perfect preservation, and his exact proportions were carefully measured and calculated before he was broken up. His height was under five feet eight; and this result supplied Lord Macaulay with the text of one of his most ornate and characteristic passages. Turenne, who, as well as Du Guesclin, had received the royal honour of a burial at St. Denis, was also torn from his tomb, and was on the point of being flung into a newly dug pit with the rest, when a *savant*, struck by his high state of preservation, claimed the body for the National Academy of Anatomy. It remained there till September 1800, when the First Consul, ashamed of the indignity to which the military glory of France was thus exposed, caused it to be removed with becoming solemnity and deposited in the Church of the Invalides.

Stranger still, and yet better fitted to point a moral, was the destiny of Richelieu, whose body was torn from the grave in the church of the Sorbonne and rudely trampled under foot, after the head had been cut off and exhibited to the bystanders, amongst whom was Lenoir. A grocer got possession of it, and kept it as a curiosity till he married, when, to calm his wife's fears, he sold it to M. Armez père, who offered it to the Duc de Richelieu, Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Restoration. The offer remained unacknowledged, and the head devolved on M. Armez fils. At a sitting of the Historical Committee of Arts and Monuments, on the 13th June, 1846, attention was called to the circumstance, and the president, M. de Montalembert, supported by the committee, attempted to repair the profanation. Their exertions proved vain, and were renewed with no better result in 1855. 'We accuse no one,' observes M. Feuillet, 'still the fact is undeniable that this terrible head, the personification of the absolute monarchy

* Description Historique et Chronologique des Monuments de Sculpture réunis au Musée des Monuments Français. Par Alexandre Lenoir, Fondateur et Administrateur de ce Musée; augmentée d'une Dissertation sur la Barbe et les Costumes de chaque Siècle, du procès-verbal des Exhumations de Saint-Denis et d'un Traité de la Peinture sur Verre, par le même auteur. Sixième édition, Paris, an X de la République (1802.)

killing the aristocratic monarchy, is wandering upon the earth like a spectre that has straggled out of the domain of the dead.' During the same popular phrensy in 1793, the fine marble statue of the Cardinal at the Château de Melleraye was decapitated, and — 'to what base uses we may return Horatio' — the head was used as a balance weight for a roasting-jack by a zealous republican of the district.

Not content with emptying the tombs, the heroes and heroines of the Reign of Terror danced among them. Over the entrance to a cemetery was a scroll: *Bal du Zephyr*; and once on a time the patronesses stood at the doors distributing copies of the 'Rights of Man,' bound in human skin supplied to the binder by the executioner. M. Villenave possessed one of these copies. What would not an English collector give for one? What would not the drum made out of Ziska's skin fetch at Christie's, should it accidentally turn up? Mathematicians will be glad to hear that there is a joint of Galileo's back-bone in the Museum of Padua, surreptitiously abstracted by the physician entrusted with the transfer of the relics to the Santa Croce at Florence in 1737.

The worshippers of the Goddess of Reason were anticipated in their taste for horrors by the fine ladies, the *belles marquises*, of the early part of the reign of Louis XV. If we may trust the Marquis d'Argenson, their favourite object of contemplation was a death's head. They adorned it with ribbons, lighted it up with coloured lamps, and remained in mute meditation before it for half-an-hour before the promenade or the play. The queen Maria Leczinska had one which she called *la belle mignonne*, and pretended to be the skull of Ninon de Lenclos. One may suppose, without any lack of charity, that there was nothing very elevating or purifying in the train of meditation which the skull of Ninon de Lenclos would inspire. Yet Queen Maria Leczinska passed for virtuous, and was guilty of nothing worse than folly, or a shade of hypocrisy, in sanctioning such a fashion by her example.

A collector of walking-sticks, M. Henri de Meer, a Dutchman, attracted attention to his collection by going mad and dying with a walking-stick in each hand; feeble imitator of Dr. Morrison, who breathed his last grasping a box of his own pills and calling loudly for more. But the collections which afford most aid to history, and most scope to speculation, are those of wigs, hats, caps, and head-dresses. The vacillating and erratic tendency of national taste, the

march of mind, the progress of events, may be traced by them. A war, a piece, a new play, a scientific invention, a public disaster, an actor, a beauty, a hero, a charlatan, anything or anybody that made a noise, originated a headdress and gave a name to it. There was the *perruque à la Ramilies* or *à la Villeroy*, by way of set-off to the cravat *à la Steinkirk*, emblematic of the battle in which the star of William paled before that of Luxembourg. 'The jewellers,' says Macaulay, 'devised Steinkirk buckles: the perfumers sold Steinkirk powder. But the name of the field of battle was peculiarly given to a new species of collar. Lace neck-cloths were then worn by men of fashion; and it had been usual to arrange them with great care. But at the terrible moment when the brigade of Bourbonnais was flying before the onset of the allies, there was no time for foppery; and the finest gentlemen of the court came spurring to the front of the line of battle with their rich cravats in disorder. It therefore became a fashion among the beauties of Paris to wear round their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged, and these kerchiefs were called Steinkirks.'

During the exultation caused by the naval combats of the 'Juno' and the 'Belle Poule,' the French ladies went about with mimic frigates on their heads. There are individual memories associated with this class of articles which have a painful yet irresistible attraction. We cannot avert our eyes from the wig of Queen Margaret, the faithless and fascinating wife of Henry IV., of whom it is recorded that she had her pages clipped to hide under their fair tresses the black locks which nature had bestowed upon her. Still less can we refuse the evidence of the 'True Report' of the last moments of Mary Queen of Scots, which sets forth that, when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders with the exclamation of 'God Save the Queen,' it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the sides.*

The author of 'Waverley' remarks that the vanity of personal appearance may be found clinging to the soldier who leads a forlorn hope, and the criminal who ascends the scaffold. The minutest details of Mary's dress at her execution were carefully studied. According to one account, her kirtle was of figured black satin, and her pet-

* The authority is Chateaufort, the French ambassador. See 'Lettres de Marie Stuart,' &c. &c. Par A. Teulet. Paris; 1859.

ticoat-skirts of crimson velvet, her shoes of Spanish leather; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, and coloured watchet (pale blue) clouded with silver, and edged on the tops with silver, and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose. She wore also drawers of white fustian.* This account is adopted by Miss Strickland on the authority of Burleigh's reporter. She adds that the details coincide with those communicated by Chateaufort, also from the notes of an eye-witness, which is true with the exception of the stockings. Chateaufort's eye-witness declares these to have been silk, and the garters he describes as *deux belles escharpes sans ourrage*.

The stockings and garters are preserved in a collection that has been laid open to the *Causeur*, and he reminds us, in reference to the large stock of garters comprised in it, that this compromising ligature was not formerly what it is now, a secret or concealed article of dress. Women wore drawers, otherwise called *chausses*, fastened to the *bas de chausses* (which for shortness we call *bas*) or stockings. The garter fastened beneath the knees by a rich clasp or buckle, was the connecting band between the drawers and stockings. There was consequently, no reason for its not being exposed to view. 'This,' he continues, 'explains why in riding dress ladies wore stockings richly worked and garters set with jewels; how a Duchess of Orleans (whose garters were inventoried) could venture during her widowhood to have tears and thoughts (*pensées*) enamelled on them; how Edward III. could found his great order of the Garter without degrading it by avowing its origin.' But what was its origin? Surely an antiquarian of M. Feuillet de Conches's attainments and calibre must know that the old story of the Countess of Salisbury has been given up on all sides, and that the utmost exertions of his learned brethren to solve the mystery have proved vain; although it by no means follows that the actual garter dropped by the Countess may not be found duly labelled in the collection of his friend.*

We must return to the inexhaustible subject of wigs and hair-dressing, if only to point out that the new fashion (set by the Parisian *demi-monde*) of yellow or golden hair, with a tinge of red or auburn, is sim-

ply the revival of one which began under more respectable auspices towards the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. The two queens, Anne and Maria Theresa, dowager and regnant, the seductive heroine of the Fronde, the Duchess de Longueville, and the two first favourites, Mesdames De la Vallière and De Fontanges, were *blondes*; so, for all the aspiring beauties whom nature had made a shade too dark there was no alternative but to wear a wig or dye. The men fell into the custom, as may be learned from Molière, who makes the Misanthrope exclaim to the Celimène—

'Vous êtes-vous rendue, avec tout le beau monde,
Au mérite éclatant de sa perruque blonde.'

The assumption of the perruque by Jean Baptiste, the son of Racine, secretary of embassy in Holland, is regularly discussed between him and his mother-in-law. 'Your father deeply regrets the necessity which you say you are under of wearing a wig. He leaves the decision to the ambassador. When your father is in better health he will order M. Marguery to make you such a one as you require. Madame le Comtesse de Gramont is very sorry for you that you should lose the attraction which your hair gave you.'

The entry in Pepys's Diary for May 11, 1667, runs thus:—

'My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that Creed and I into the Park and walked a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God may forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it.'

They renewed the discussion the next day, Sunday, and came to an understanding that she should give up her white locks, on his agreeing to give up keeping company with one Mrs. Knipp, of whom there is frequent and rather compromising mention in the Diary.

There was no concealment or fear of detection on the part of either sex. The false hair was put off and on by the women like a bonnet or a cap; and a court lady would have felt little abashed at an accident such as recently happened to a fair equestrian, who had the misfortune to drop the whole of her back hair or *chignon* in Rotten Row.

The fashion of powdering the hair with

* All the various theories of the origin of the Order are investigated and declared unsatisfactory by Mr. Beltz. See 'Memorials of the Order of the Garter,' &c. By G. F. Beltz, Lancaster Herald: 1841. Ladies invited to the feasts of St. George wore the garter round the arm.

gold dust, which has recently found votaries both at London and Paris, was commenced by Poppæa the wife of Nero, and copied by Lucius Verus (the adopted son of Aurelius), who was extravagantly vain of his hair. Authorities are not wanting to prove that the golden and auburn tints which we admire in the portraits of Titian Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, were produced by a tincture in vogue at Venice in the sixteenth century.* The collections show that other shades of colour, especially brown and black, have had their day; and it is a disputed question in connoisseurship whether the highest degree of beauty has not been attained by the *brunettes*. Red or carotry (which is the correcter translation of *roux* or *rousse*) has been at a discount in all ages. It was thought ominous of evil by the ancients, and typical of villainy during many ages of the Christian era. 'Judas-coloured hair' is the spiteful reproach of Pope. 'Aussi, dans tout notre musée de coiffure, pas un 'cheveu roux ardent, couleur de carrote.'

The reason why Racine put off ordering his son's wig is obvious enough, when we find that the price of one of the fashionable colour was a thousand French crowns. The gentleman whom Sydney Smith, in reference to the length and redundancy of his curls, accused of growing hair for sale, might have driven a profitable trade at that time. Down to the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, which introduced crops *à la Brutus*, the wigs commonly worn by English gentlemen in the streets cost from thirty to forty guineas; and Rogers, appealing to Luttrell in our hearing, thus described a mode of theft as practised in London within their common memory. The operator was a small boy in a butcher's tray on the shoulders of a tall man; and when the wig was adroitly twitched off, the bewildered owner looked round for it in vain; an accomplice confused and impeded under the pretence of assisting him, and the tray-bearer made off.

Fine hair was a frequent resource in want, and a far higher class were occasionally tempted to recur to it than the heroine of a repulsive episode of *Les Misérables*. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, the favourite of George II., is an ex-

ample. In her earlier and domestic days, when her husband was English Minister at Hanover, they were in want of money to give an indispensable dinner or entertainment of some sort, and to supply the deficiency she magnanimously sacrificed her hair. Large allowance should be made for the frailties of a woman who thus understood and practised the self-denying duties of a wife.

Of course there were not wanting censors and puritans to denounce wigs and cosmetics, as vehemently as Prynne denounced the unloveliness of love-locks. An Abbé de Vessets published a treatise against *Le Luxe de Coiffures* in 1694, containing a chapter headed, *Mariage: un fille coiffée à la mode n'est digne de recevoir ce sacrement*. Another Abbé is the author of a book on *L'Abus des nudités de Gorge*. The name of the first member of the priesthood who adopted the peruke to the scandal of the lay public, has been preserved. It was the Abbé de la Rôvière, a courtier of Gaston of Orleans, and he afterwards became Bishop of Langres. How modes of thinking, even on sacerdotal subjects, vary with time and country! When the cadet of a noble family, who had been a Captain of Dragons, was made a bishop by George III., he nearly went down on his knees to his Majesty to be permitted to dispense with the wig; and the king remained inexorable. The rise and fall of Kant's wig are thought to indicate not only the fitful changes of the curiosity-market, but the rise and fall of his philosophy. It (the wig) fetched thirty thousand florins at his death. At one of the subsequent fairs at Leipzig it was sold for twelve thousand dollars, a fall of from fifteen to twenty per cent. 'The system of Kant was going down. Can the same be said of the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau, whose shoes (*sabots*), sold at the same fair, were given for ten dollars?' M. Feuillet de Conches has had in his hand a pair of the spectacles brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, which (he adds) became so much the fashion that the *élégantes* never took them off, not even in bed. The glasses were double the size of those now in use. He has, also, examined a packet of the toothpicks imported into France by Antonio Perez, which popularized the habit rendered memorable by Coligny, who was never seen without a toothpick between his teeth. After the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, his body was exposed with the eternal toothpick in his mouth; but we are not aware that it has been preserved.

A collection of buttons was exhibited at.

* We are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a very elegant volume, entitled '*Les Femmes Blondes*,' in which he has collected with his usual learning and gaiety all the Italian authorities on the most approved methods of turning the colour of the hair. The Venetian ladies applied vinegar and water to their heads, and then sat in the sun, with a rim or shade of straw to protect them from sun-stroke. This book, which is a bibliographical curiosity, was published last year in Paris.

the University of Ghent in 1845, for the benefit of the poor, and proved a valuable contribution to the history of manners and art. They were not only of all shapes and sizes, in polished steel, in silver and gold, and set with the costliest jewels; but an entire series were painted in miniature by the first artists of the period—the first years of Louis XVI. There were portraits of celebrated beauties, with copies of ancient statues and scenes taken from ancient mythology. Klingstet made double buttons with a spring, containing two surfaces, and each a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. Honoré Fragonard, a decorator of note, painted for a gay marquis a set of buttons *à la Watteau*, which have been preserved. Another man of rank wore a set of small watches, without, it is slyly added, becoming more famous for punctuality. Equal extravagance was indulged about the same time in waistcoats, which, although the material was more perishable, afforded wider scope for luxury and design. An exquisite of the first water was then an improving study for both the sempstress or embroiderer and the scene-painter. One might be seen with the amours of Mars and Venus on his stomach, and another with a cavalry review. 'We are assured,' says a writer in the *Mémoires Secrets*, 'that an enthusiast has ordered a dozen waistcoats representing scenes from the popular plays, so that his wardrobe may become a theatrical repertory and some day serve for tapestry.' After the assembly of the Notables, there were *gilets aux Notables*, copied from the print described by Bachaumont: 'The king is in the middle, on his throne: in the left hand he holds a scroll on which are these words, *L'âge d'or*; but by a very offensive oversight it is so placed that he seems to be rummaging his pockets with his right hand.' A little later, the guillotine grew into fashion for ornaments, especially for brooches and pins.

The same vaunted collection, which reopens so many curious chapters of social annals, is described as particularly rich in gloves. M. Feuillet de Conches boasts of having himself contributed the identical pair of gloves which Anne of Austria sent to Spain to the Duc d'Arcos, with a letter of business ending with this P.S.: 'Monsieur Le Duc et Compère, I send herewith a pair of gloves which will serve as a pattern for the dozen which I request you to have forwarded to me.' These gloves are of coarse leather; and surprise is expressed that they could be worn by a woman who, it was feared at Madrid, was too delicate to

be able to sleep in Holland sheets. Alongside of them are placed the gloves which Antonio Perez, Spanish ex-ambassador, sent to Lady Knolles with a letter saying: 'These gloves, Madam, are made of the skin of a dog, the animal most praised for its fidelity. Deign to allow me this praise, with a place in your good graces. And if I can be of no other use, my skin at least might serve to make gloves.' He was so pleased with this conceit, that in a letter to Lady Rich he repeats and improves upon it:—

'I have endured such affliction at not having ready at hand the dogskin gloves desired by your ladyship, that I have resolved to sacrifice myself for your service, and to strip off a little skin from the most delicate part of myself, if indeed any delicate skin can be found on a thing so rustic as my person. . . . The gloves are of dogskin, Madame; and yet they are of mine, for I hold myself a dog, and entreat your Ladyship to hold me for such, as well on account of my faith as my passion. The skinned dog (*perro decollado*) of your Ladyship, ANTON PEREZ.'

The most curious collection of *chaussures* (boots, shoes, and slippers) is stated to be in the possession of an Englishman, Mr. Roach Smith. Besides specimens of every successive age, beginning with the boots of a bishop in 721 A.D., he has several to which an historic or romantic interest is attached; e.g. the shoes of most of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, including the Duchess of Cleveland, the Countess of Muskerry, and la belle Hamilton (afterwards Comtesse de Grammont), with those of Miss Jennings and Miss Stewart (the original of the Britannia on the guinea), stolen, according to the labels, by Rochester and Killigrew.

There is an entire compartment devoted to some of the shoes crowned by the *Société des Petits Pieds*, over which the member with the smallest foot presided till she was displaced by a competitor; a Cinderella-like slipper being kept to test the qualifications of the candidates. If Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) had competed, she would have been hailed president for life by acclamation. Her feet, besides their smallness and exquisite shape, were plump (*potelés*) and rosy like those of a child; and she was by no means chary in exhibiting them. On ceremonial occasions, a page entered with a cushion of crimson velvet, on which she placed her foot, whilst he knelt and drew off the stocking, with the favoured circle looking on. Her remark on sitting for a nearly nude figure to Canova is well known.

The *Curieux* relates a trait of enthusiasm on the part of a milord which we suspect will prove new to his countrymen. A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg, which was superb. The earl died, and this cherished leg was sold for half-a-crown! The moral reflection is conveyed in a line from Lamartine:

'J'ai pesé dans ma main la cendre des héros.'

This leg should have been sent to the fair at Leipsic along with Kant's wig. The Germans are, or were, the people for answering to an extraordinary call on sensibility or sentiment. When Sontag was in the height of her celebrity at Berlin, a party of her military admirers bribed her maid to give them one of her cast-off slippers, had it set as a cup, and toasted her in it till it was worn out. There is another story that a party of students rushed into her hotel whilst her carriage was driving off, and made prey of a wine-glass not quite empty, out of which she had just been drinking. This was put up to auction on the spot, and fetched seventeen dollars. A pair of shoes has been preserved with extravagantly high heels painted by Watteau to represent a flock or sheepfold (*bergerie*) of Loves. The Duchess de Berry had a shoe that once belonged to Louis XIV., of dark velvet, embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*, and adorned with a battlepiece painted by Parrocel.

'Puisque nous causons, let us pause a little to speak of the history of the flowers that Marie Antoinette loved so well, that she so largely contributed to multiply and embellish.' We willingly pause to record the plausible claim put in for the invention of what is commonly called the English system of gardening, by a Frenchman, in the time of Louis Quatorze. It was the poet Du Fresnoy, we are assured, who first ventured on substituting the picturesque variety of the landscape-painter for the rectilinear style of the architects, and was made comptroller of the royal gardens in recognition of his merit. But nature and simplicity were sadly out of keeping with the artificial grandeur of Versailles. The genius of Du Fresnoy was chilled or rebuked by his royal patron, and the reform planned by him stopped short. 'His system returned to us,' says the *Curieux*, 'in the following age, with the British stamp on it, as so many products of French imagination return to us.' Girardin created Ermenonville; M. Boutin, Tivoli; M. de la Borde, Merville; the poet-painter Watelet, Moulin-Joli. The Prince de Ligne did his best to

correct the stiffness of his paternal alleys and flower-beds. Then, in 1774, came Marie Antoinette, who, under the direction of Bernard de Jussieu and a clever gardener, converted Trianon into a charming parterre, where the system of the English painter, William Kent, and his rival, Browne (the inventor Du Fresnoy was altogether forgotten) was more followed than the severe harmony of Le Nostre and De la Quintenie.

Kent died in 1748; and Browne achieved his highest distinction by laying out the grounds of Blenheim, where he committed a solecism which elicited a cutting sarcasm on his illustrious employer, the great Duke of Marlborough. A magnificent bridge over a streamlet provoked the epigram:

'The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.'

Our neighbours were in no hurry to reclaim their property in the invention; if it can be so termed; and we suspect that the resumption simply formed part of the Anglo-mania that came over them about the time when Marie Antoinette began amusing herself with the creation of *Le Petit Trianon*. Her fondness for flowers led to one of those revolutions in headresses of which specimens may be multiplied to weariness. When flowers got common, the court ladies took first to fruit, and afterwards to vegetables. Chaplets of artificial radishes and carrots were in vogue. Madame de Matignon appeared, one day, à la jardinière, in a headress of brown linen striped with blue, ornamented by the artist hand of Léonard with a head of brocoli and an artichoke.

The bare list of collections visited by the *Curieux* would fill many pages. But his master-passion is for autographs; and he is constantly digressing to expatiate on their value and their charm; on the best methods of utilising, and the sacred duty of preserving them. Indeed, he is a veritable Chinese in his reverence for written paper; and he would cordially assent to the second branch of the *roué* maxim, *Write not, Burn not*, without regarding, probably without suspecting, the consummate profligacy that lurked in it. Yet in his highly interesting dissertation on the *Cassette aux Poulets* of Fouquet, he incidentally demonstrates the imprudence, to use no stronger term, of giving a permanent form to any shade of forbidden feeling, or any passing burst of irritability, disappointment, or caprice. The one may make an enemy or unmake a friend; the other may destroy a reputation.

Trifles light as air, once committed to paper, have often led to complications in which peace, fortune, and happiness have been wrecked.

Fouquet, the prince of financiers, was not less renowned for gallantry than for liberality and wealth. His downfall was owing to his indiscreet rivalry with his royal master both in magnificence and love. The first step after his arrest was the seizure of his papers, including the casket in which he kept those notes and letters of female friends and applicants which pass under the denomination of *poulets*. The opening of this casket was dreaded like that of another Pandora's box, without Hope at the bottom. What varied evils, what scandalous disclosures, what revelation of broken fortunes and fallen or falling virtue, might come forth! The King himself opened the casket, and its contents were read by only two persons besides himself, the Queen and Teller (the royal confessor). All sorts of stories were afloat, and Madame de Molteville remarks that few persons about the Court were exempt from the charge of having sacrificed to the golden calf; that the fable of Danie was fully borne out, and that, since, by extraordinary ill-luck, Fouquet kept all the letters addressed to him, things were read which did great harm to very many persons. Rumour and malice added, coloured, or invented. A pretended letter from Madame Scarron (afterwards Madame de Maintenon), was handed about, containing this passage:—

‘J’ai toujours fuy le vice, et naturellement je hais le péché; mais je vous avoue que je hais encore davantage la pauvreté. J’ai reçu de vous dix mille écus; si vous voulez encore en apporter dix mille dans deux jours, je verrai ce que j’aurai à faire.’

Another version of the letter commences differently, and ends: ‘*Je ne vous défends pas d’espérer.*’ The *Curieux* indignantly denounces this letter as a fabrication, and justifies his incredulity by a passage in the *Souvenirs* of Madame de Caylas: ‘Remember to have heard that Madame Scarron, being one day obliged to go to speak to M. Fouquet, she thought fit to go so negligently dressed that her friends were ashamed to take her there. Everybody knows what M. Fouquet was, and his weakness for women, and how the vainest and the best placed sought to please him.’ The uncharitable might put an opposite interpretation on this neglected dress; and the best defence for Madame Scarron is the continued respect in

which she was held by the Court and her private marriage to the King. There is no hatred like religious hatred, and this very marriage became a fresh topic for calumny in the hands of those who had suffered from the persecutions encouraged by her bigotry. ‘In 1835, at the French Hospital in London,’ says the *Curieux*, ‘I found, in the possession of an old female inmate, an English libel against Madame de Maintenon, entitled, *The French King’s Wedding, or the Royal Frolic; being a pleasant account of the intrigues, comical courtship, cattervauling and surprising marriage ceremonies of Louis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon, with a Comical Song, sung to His Majesty*’ 1708. The old Protestant obstinately refused to cede me the book, which she read and re-read with pleasure, although she found difficulty in understanding it.’

Another lady whom the *Curieux* deems unjustly calumniated was the Marquise du Plessis-Belliére, accused of having assisted Fouquet in his designs on Madame de la Vallière on the strength of what is termed a hideous apocryphal letter amongst the papers of Conrart. The Marquise was a friend of Fouquet and rendered him important political services, whether she was paid for them or not. The reputation of another great lady, the Princess of Monaco (*née* de Grammont), who was also compromised by the correspondence, is abandoned as not worth defending; and in this instance at least a sound discretion has been exercised. Leaving her husband to the solitary enjoyment of his miniature sovereignty, she lived a gay life at the French Court, where she was renowned for the rapid succession of her lovers, every one of whom was regularly hung in effigy by the Prince in the avenue of his palace at Monaco, with a label round the neck. The number became startling; strangers came from far and near to admire the spectacle; and the circumstance at length came to the ears of the Grand Monarque. He tried at first to interfere with a high hand, but finding his threats vain, and the scandal on the increase, he was fain to conciliate the Prince by a promise that a strict guard should henceforth be kept on the Princess; whereupon the effigies were removed.

Another letter to Fouquet, which no virtuous woman could have written, endorsed *Lettre d’une Inconnue* by Conrart, was by turns attributed to Madame Scarron and Madame de Sévigné in the *Memoires sur la Bastille*, and finally given to Madame de Sévigné by the rest of the scandalous chronicles in circulation. Her known and

avowed letters go far to refute the calumny. 'With him' (Fouquet), she writes to Bussy, 'I have always the same precautions and the same fears, which notably retard the progress he would willingly make. I believe he will be tired at last of always recommencing uselessly the same thing.'

The following passage is copied *verbatim et literatim* from an autograph letter of hers to Ménage in the possession of the *Curieux*:—

'Je vous remercie, mon cher monsieur, de toutes vos nouvelles. Il y en a deux ou trois dans votre lettre que je ne sauois point. Pour celles de M. Fouquet, je nentends parler d'autre chose. Je pense que vous sauez bien le déplaisir que iay eü d'avoir esté trouuée dans le nombre de celles qui luy ont escrit. Il est vray que ce n'estait ny la galanterie, ni l'intérêt que mauoient obligé d'avoir vn commerce avec luy. Lon voit clairement que ce n'estait que pour les affaires de M. de la Trousse; mais cela n'empeche pas que ie n'aye esté fort touchée de voir quil les avoit mises dans la cassette de ses poulets, et de me voir nommée parmy celles qui nont pas eü des sentimens si purs que moy. Dans cette occasion iay besoin que mes amis instruisent ceux qui ne le sont pas. Je vous croy asses genereux pour vouloir en dire ce que M. de la Fayette vous en apprendra, et iay receu tant d'autres marques de votre amitié que je ne fais nulle facon de vous coniurer de me donner encore celle-cy.'

Bussy-Rabutin who, like Fouquet, had failed to touch his charming cousin's heart, quarrelled with her, and took an ungenerous revenge in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*. But he soon grew ashamed of his conduct, and did his best to compensate for the wrong by (to use his own language) 'siding with her loudly against the people who sought to confound her with the mistresses of the minister.' To be well-armed for the campaign, he saw Tellier, and was assured by him that 'the letters of Madame de Sévigné were the letters of a friend who had a great deal of wit, and that they had amused the King more than the insipid tenderness of the other letters, but that the surintendant had *mal apropos* mixed love with friendship.' Tellier, it is justly added, was not the man to palliate evil if there was any, for it was he of whom the Comte Grammont said, on seeing him go out from a private conference with the King, 'He looks like a polecat that has just been killing chickens and is licking his blood-stained muzzle.'

Both Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon are in high favour with the *Curieux*, having both contributed largely to

his collection of autographs; and he insists on throwing the entire responsibility of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and other arbitrary measures suggested or sanctioned by Madame de Maintenon, on the King. The ingrained absolutism and egotism of Louis XIV., he contends, were at their acme from his earliest years. In the public library of St. Petersburg, under the glass covering of a collection of autographs, may be seen one of the copybooks in which his Majesty practised writing as a child. Instead of 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' or 'Virtue is its own reward,' the copy set for him was this: '*Les rois font tout ce qu'ils veulent.*'

The best mode that could be hit upon for teaching history to Louis XV. was that recommended by St. Simon to Fleury, the royal preceptor, afterwards cardinal and minister. It was to hang a gallery with historical portraits and sketches, to make this the place of reception for the children of the nobility who came to pay their respects to their young sovereign, to have them tutored beforehand and accompanied by preceptors, who were to lead the conversation to prominent events or characters, and so draw him on to make inquiries and pick up information.

More than half (300 pages) of the third volume of the *Causeries* is devoted to Montaigne, who is held in high favour, despite of two peculiarities which might have been expected to lower him in the opinion of a collector of autographs. He was an infrequent and careless correspondent, and he expressed a thorough contempt for all who wrote letters with a view to publication or literary fame. He excepts none, not even Cicero and Pliny the Younger, of whom he says:—

'This surpasses all meanness of heart in persons of their rank, to have wished to derive glory from egotism and prattle, to the point of employing for this purpose their private letters to their friends; so that, some having missed the time for being sent, they have notwithstanding published them with this worthy excuse that they were unwilling to lose their pains. . . . Does it become two Roman consuls, sovereign magistrates of the imperial State of the world, to occupy their leisure in arranging and dressing up a fine missive, to draw from it the reputation of understanding well the language of their nurse? What could a schoolmaster, who gained his livelihood by it, do worse?'

What would Montaigne have said had he lived to be told of the miserable subterfuge of Pope, who surreptitiously caused his let-

ters to be published, and then denounced the publication as a theft; or of the anxious care taken by Horace Walpole to transmit corrected copies of epistolary gossip to posterity? Be their motives what they might, we are indebted to them for compositions which the world would not willingly let die.

Throwing over Pliny, somewhat uncere- moniously and unnecessarily, M. Feuillet de Conches takes up the cudgels for Cicero, who, he vows, did not write his letters to his familiars — *ad familiares* — for any eyes but theirs; and the proof is that when Atticus applied to him for copies, with a view to a complete collection, he had none. Montaigne, too, it is retorted, printed some of his own letters; and his mode of speaking of them and his method of epistolary composition, are strongly marked by self-complacency: —

‘On this subject of letters, I wish to say this one word, that it is a work in which my friends hold that I am capable of something; and I should more willingly have chosen this form of publishing my whims, had I had anyone to address (*si j’eusse eu à qui parler*). I needed, what I have had at other times, a certain commerce that attracted, sustained, and excited me. If all the paper was in existence that I have ever blotted for the ladies, when my hand was truly carried away by my passion, there would haply be found some page worthy to be communicated to idle youth misled by this madness.’

After saying that he writes very fast, and very badly, trusting to the indulgence of the great personages with whom he corresponds to excuse blots and erasures, he continues: —

‘The letters which cost me most are those that are worth least; from the moment that I flag, it is a sign that I am no longer in the vein. I readily begin without plan; the first sometimes produces the second. . . .

‘As I had rather compose two letters than close and fold one, I always resign this duty to another; so that, when the substance is finished, I would willingly charge some one with the duty of adju- ding those long harangues, offers, and prayers, that we place at the end, and wish that some new custom would deliver us from them.’

His wish has been granted, and our formal conclusions are now speedily dispatched. His habit of beginning without a plan recalls Rousseau’s *beau idéal* of a loveletter, which (he maintains) should be begun without the writer knowing what he is going to say, and end without his knowing what he has said. The letter of a cele-

brated Frenchwoman to her husband is a model of conciseness. ‘*Je commence, parce que je n’ai rien à faire: je finis, parce que je n’ai rien à dire.*’ — T. A. V.

The increased facility of communication has encouraged brevity and haste; we dash off a dozen letters in an hour instead of devoting half a morning to the production of one; and literary people are more remarkable than others for carelessness in this respect, — probably on the principle avowed by Madame de Staël: ‘Since I have aimed openly at celebrity by my books, I have left off paying any attention to my letters.’

The literary public are indebted to M. Feuillet de Conches for a valuable collection of letters in which the place of honour is assigned to Montaigne;* and his familiarity with the style and hand-writing of this, the quaintest and most original of essayists, led to his being called in to decide an amusing and instructive controversy. An autograph letter of Montaigne belonging to the Countess Boni de Castellain was put up to auction in 1834, and the agent of M. de Pixérécourt, having received an unlimited commission, gave 700 francs for it to the extreme disgust of his employer; who, on the chance of getting rid of his bargain, started what at first sounded like a plausible objection to its authenticity. The autograph was a Report, dated February 16, 1588, to Maréchal de Matignon of what befell the writer and his party in an encounter with a troop of Leaguers, and contains this sentence: ‘*Nous n’osions cependant passer outre pour l’incertitude de la sûreté de nos personnes, de quoi nous devions estre esclercis sur nos passeports.*’ The doubt arose from the word *passeports*, which, it was contended, was more modern. The reply was that, besides being used in another letter of Montaigne’s and in one from the Cardinal de Lorraine of anterior date, it actually occurs eight times in the *Ordonnance d’Institution des Postes* framed under Louis XI. in 1464. An autograph, however, like Cæsar’s wife, cannot endure suspicion: to be once discredited is enough; and the letter which cost 700 francs was subsequently thought dear at thirty. The word *passport*, it may be remembered, is introduced by Shakspeare in Henry V.’s speech before the battle of Agincourt: ‘Let him depart: his passport shall be made.’ But it appears from ‘The Sentimental Journey,’ published

* Lettres inédites de Michel de Montaigne et de quelques autres Personnages pour servir à l’Histoire du seizième Siècle.

in 1768, that passports were not then in general use for travelling in time of peace: 'I had left London (says Yorick) with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport.' He contrived, we need hardly add, to reach Paris without one.

'I have no drill sergeant to arrange my productions, but chance. I put together my reveries as they present themselves. Sometimes they throng in crowds, sometimes they drag along in single file. I wish people to see my natural and ordinary pace, irregular as it may be; I let myself alone as I find myself.' This passage from Montaigne is chosen by M. Feuillet de Conches for the motto of his Fourth Book, entitled *Voyage où Il vous Plaira*; a book, if possible, more miscellaneous than the rest. In the first chapter he analyses the nature of the interest we take in the personal qualities of authors, and strengthens his theory by the authority of Addison, in the 'Spectator,' who begins by drawing a portrait of himself, which, although verging on caricature, has preserved two or three of the genuine and strongly marked features of the original. If not quite so taciturn as his literary double, Addison used to say of himself that, with respect to intellectual wealth, he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket. It was said of Corneille *qu'il avait tout son esprit en génie*; and he pleads guilty to the impeachment:—

'J'ai la plume féconde et la bouche stérile,
Bon galant au théâtre et fort mauvais en ville;
Et l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui,
Que si je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.'

According to an autograph note written by the Abbé d'Olivet for Voltaire and verified by the *Curieux*, there was another peculiarity in which the author of the *Cid* resembled another English writer of genius.

Pope says in one of his letters that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination; and his habit was to take instant advantage of it when it came; rising frequently in the middle of the night to fix a thought, an image, or a rhyme. The fitfulness of Corneille's inspirations is thus illustrated in the note. One day whilst Molière was dressing, two men of letters dropped in and spoke with high praise of a tragedy by Corneille played the night before for the first time. Molière listened without uttering

a word. When he was dressed, he began, 'Well, gentlemen, so you believe that Corneille is the author of what you have heard? Learn that there is a little demon who has conceived a friendship for him, and who has the wit of a demon. When he sees Corneille seating himself at his desk to bite his nails and try to make verses, he approaches and dictates four, eight, ten, sometimes twenty verses in succession, which are superior to anything that a mere man can make. After which the little demon, who is as mischievous as a demon, withdraws some paces off, saying "Let us see how the rogue will get on without help." Corneille then makes the ten, twenty, thirty following verses; amongst which there are none but very ordinary, or even there are some very bad. The next day the same game is recommenced between the demon and Corneille. The whole piece is composed in this manner. Beware, gentlemen, of confounding the two authors. The one is a man, but the other is far more than a man.'

This differs somewhat from the fine criticism of St. Evremond: 'That which is not excellent in him (Corneille) seems bad, less from being bad than from not having the perfection which he had managed to reach in other things. He preferred *Rodogune* to all his pieces; the public, *Cinna*.' The note concludes: 'This is what I have heard related by the late Baron, our Roscius, who was present when Molière said it. I can also certify that M. de Mancroix, caron of Rheims, who died in 1708 at the age of ninety, told me that the audience at the theatre rose when Corneille entered, as for the Prince de Condé; and this he has told me more than once.'

Inferring from the popular interest in the personality of authors, that the public may wish to know something of his own habits and character, the *Curieux* indulges in a chapter of reminiscences, which, branching off in all directions, embrace incidents which we little expected to find among them. Thus, in giving an account of the *Pension Savouré*, at which he was brought up, he relates, on the authority of a schoolfellow, Admiral Baudin, that in the month of March 1796, a little pale man with long black hair alighted from a shabby yellow *coupe* at the door of the seminary, and requested to see the Citizen Savouré. On his appearing, the little man said, 'I am General Bonaparte. I have searched all Paris for an establishment uniting with the tradition of the old and good studies of the university that of religious instruction, now forgotten everywhere, and I have found but yours. I

have a young brother whose education unhappily bears traces of the troubled and disorderly times in which we have been living. I come to beg you to admit him among your pupils, and to make a man of him. I am named general-in-chief of the army in Italy, and I am on the point of quitting Paris to take the command. If during my absence you would have the goodness to send me every ten days a bulletin of the progress and conduct of my brother, occupied as I may be with the affairs of my army, I shall always find time to answer you.'

The nomination of the future autocrat to the army of Italy had not been publicly announced, and he was best known by the 13th Vendémiaire, an exploit little calculated to conciliate those who, like M. Savouré, disliked the Convention and its acts. He replied drily, after accepting the charge, 'It is well understood, General, that here religious instruction is the primary base of education.' 'Eh, Monsieur,' rejoined Bonaparte, 'it is for that that I came.' Some days afterwards he brought his brother Jerome, who continued in the academy for three years. Napoleon came to see him on the conclusion of the Italian campaign, and kept a watchful eye on his progress till the expedition to Egypt, when the duty of personal superintendence was transferred to Barras, with whom M. Savouré found it impossible to get on. Once or twice a week one of the Director's *aides-de-camp* came for Jerome, and carried him off to the theatre or some more objectionable place of amusement. He was brought back exhausted and dissipated, idle himself and the cause of idleness in others. At length the preceptor took the bold step of writing to the temporary guardian in these terms. 'Citizen Director, when General Bonaparte entrusted me with the education of his young brother, it was his desire that I should make a cultivated and able man of him. Now, it is my duty to tell you that nothing is more contrary to this end than constant association with your *aides-de-camp*. Have the goodness, therefore, to leave me entirely master of young Jerome's education, or remove him from my house.' Jerome was removed immediately; but always spoke of his old master in terms honourable to both.

Cuddie Headrigg says of Lady Margaret Bellenden, 'My leddy dinna like to be contradicted; as I ken naeboddy does if they can help themselves.' The *Curieux* does not like to be interrupted; 'not,' he adds, 'out of pride, but because interruption stag-

gers and troubles his thoughts, and puts him out in his interrogations.' He has often been heard to exclaim, like M. de Fontenelle, 'My children, if we were to speak but four at once what would you have? The *Curieux* has his nerves; you have yours.' This grievance would be comparatively little felt in England, where conversation is more elliptical, and the best talker is liable to be voted a bore if he habitually transgresses Swift's rule (strongly recommended by Sydney Smith), of not occupying more than half a minute without a break; it being free to all to get as many half minutes as they can. The well-known incident of the Frenchman watching his opportunity to strike in, and murmuring *S'il crache il est perdu*, could hardly have occurred in this country; at least not since the two most eminent of recent English historians have been taken from us.

If there is no precise reason why *causeries* of this kind should stop anywhere, they must clearly stop somewhere, and M. Feuillet de Conches's readers are not like the audience in 'The Critic,' who (according to Mr. Sneer) were perfectly indifferent how the actors got off the stage so long as they did get off. The *Curieux*, therefore, despite of his dislike to interruption, introduces a *Deus ex machina* in the shape of his publisher, 'le fidèle Henri Plon,' exclaiming, 'Ah, Mon Dieu, est-il possible! So you are still rummaging among the ashes of antiquity. You are still lingering among the frosts of the North; you are still at Aulnay with Huet; at Caen with M. de Malherbe, in Burgundy with Rabutin. Are you not also going to run off to London, to Florence, to Mantua, to Venice? And my third volume? And then your photograph, which my subscribers insist upon.' The bare mention of the photograph provokes a diatribe against this new and popular substitute for the miniature and engraving. 'Photography,' replies the *Curieux*, 'is my aversion; if it reproduces monuments and chalk or pencil drawings to admiration, it has infirmities and intolerable falsehoods for living nature. It can make nothing of distances, and does not see true. It falsifies features. It falsifies colours. In a word, it is the antipodes of art; it is the slave of an instrument and has all the defects of one. When Daniel, du Moustier painted people, he made them better-looking than they were, giving as his reason, "They are such fools that they believe themselves to be what I make them, and pay more." But there are sitters more stingy than foolish, and if photography was dear,

no one would submit to it; for it makes uglier than nature. It has been popularised by cheapness.

And so he runs on, till he has fairly run himself out, and is content to conclude in right earnest. We are content to conclude along with him, although by no means suffering from wearisomeness or satiety. It

was Bubb Doddington, we believe, who first laid down the maxim, 'When you have made a favourable impression, go away!' By analogous reasoning, the point at which we always prefer terminating a review is when, to the best of our belief, we have conveyed a fair and favourable impression of the author and the book.

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN.

I NEVER drink a cup of water without thinking of an old Scotchman who, when I was a boy in the city of New York, acted as a porter for the establishment in which I was engaged. He must have been very poor; for then fully sixty-five or seventy years of age, he was employed, day after day, in dragging a little hand-cart, often laden with heavy burdens, over crowded and stony pavements.

In our store was a stone-jar, replenished daily with pure water and ice, and many a time during the day the old man would come to drink. When he had filled the cup, he would take off his worn cap, and, while his thin gray locks fell over his forehead, lift up his face with closed eyes for a moment, with reverential aspect, and in silent prayer, and then drink. No matter what haste, or who observed, he always did the same.

Since then it is twenty-five or thirty years. I have drank from the icy pools that gather on

the surface of the glaciers of Switzerland, and amidst the burning splendors of Vesuvius, in his own stormy Scotland, and on the stormy sea, but very rarely or never without thinking of that old Scotchman, or, admonished by him, without lifting my heart in gratitude to God. One thing is remarkable: I cannot drink with my hat on. The white locks of the old man seem to shake themselves before me, as if to admonish me of irreverence, and his meek eyes to be lifting themselves up to God, to plead that I may not forget the Giver.

Without doubt, the old man has been many years in heaven. But how that little habit of his has wrought itself into my life, and how to me it has been for more than a quarter of a century, day by day, that little act, a preacher of righteousness!

How could he have ceased to live in my memory? Had he perpetuated his name, and form, and piety, in my heart? Christian, never forget to recognize God. — *Evangelist.*

PART XVII. — CHAPTER LXV.

ON THE DOOR-STEPS AT NIGHT.

It was late at night when Sewell arrived at the Priory. He had had another disastrous night of play, and had scattered his "acknowledgments" for various sums on every side. Indeed, he had not the vaguest idea of how much he had lost. Disputes and hot discussions too, almost verging on personal quarrels, dashed with all their irritating influences the gloom of his bad-luck; and he felt, as he arose to go home, that he had not even that sorry consolation of the unfortunate gambler — the pitying sympathy of the looker-on.

Over and over, as he went, he asked himself what Fate could possibly intend by this persistent persecution of him? Other fellows had their "innings" now and then. Their fortune came checkered with its bright and dark days. He never emerged, not even passingly, from his ill-luck. "I suppose," muttered he, "the whole is meant to tempt me — but to what? I need very little temptation if the bait be only money. Let me but see gold enough, and my resistance will not be very formidable. I'll not risk my neck; short of that I'm ready for anything." Thus thinking, he plodded onward through the dark night, vaguely wishing at times that no morning was ever to break, and that existence might prolong itself out to one long dark autumn night, silent and starless.

As he reached the hall-door he found his wife seated on the steps as on a former night. It had become a favourite spot with her to taste the cool refreshing night-air, and rally her from the feverish closeness of the sick-room.

"How is he? is it over yet?" cried he as he came up.

"He is better; he slept calmly for some hours, and woke much refreshed."

"I could have sworn it!" burst he in vehemently. "It is the one way Fate could have rescued me, and it is denied me. I believe there is a curse on me! Eh — what?"

"I didn't speak," said she, meekly.

"You muttered though. I heard you mumble something below your breath, as if you agreed with what I said. Say it out, madam, if you think it."

She heaved a weary sigh, but said nothing.

"Has Beattie been here?" asked he, hastily.

"Yes; he stayed for above an hour, but

was obliged to go at last to visit another patient. He brought Dr. Lendrick out with him; he arrived this evening."

"Lendrick! Do you mean the man from the Cape?"

"Yes."

"That completes it!" burst he, as he flung his arms wildly up. "I was just wondering what other malignant piece of spite Fortune could play me, and there it is! Had you any talk with this man?"

"Yes; he remained with me all the time Dr. Beattie was upstairs."

"And what was his tone? has he come back to turn us out? — that of course he has — but does he avow it?"

"He shows no such intentions. He asked whether you held much to 'The Nest,' if it was a place that you liked, or if you could relinquish it without any regret?"

"Why so?"

"Because Sir Brook Fossbrooke has just purchased it."

"What nonsense! you know as well as I do that he couldn't purchase a dog-kennel. That property was valued at sixteen thousand pounds four years ago — it is worth twenty now; and you talk to me of this beggar buying it."

"I tell you what he told me, and it was this: Some mine that Sir Brook owned in Sardinia has turned out to be all silver, and in consequence he has suddenly become immensely rich — so rich, indeed, that he has already determined to settle this estate on Lucy Lendrick; and intends, if he can induce Lord Drumcarron to part with 'The Forest,' to add it to the grounds."

Sewell grasped his hair with both hands, and ground his teeth together with passion as he listened.

"You believe this story, I suppose?" said he at last.

"Yes; why should I not believe it?"

"I don't believe a word of it. I see the drift — I saw the drift of it before you had told me ten words. This tale is got up to lull us into security, and to quiet our suspicions. Lendrick knows well the alarm his unexpected return is likely to give us, and to allay our anxieties they have coined this narrative, as though to imply they will be rich enough not to care to molest us, nor stand between us and this old man's money. Don't you see that?"

"I do not. It did not occur to me before, and I do not admit it now."

"I ought not to have asked you. I ought to have remembered what old Fossbrooke once called 'the beautiful trustfulness of your nature.'"

"If I had it once, it has left me many a long day ago!"

"But I deny that you ever had it. You had the woman's trick of affecting to believe, and thus making out what you assumed to think, to be a pledge given by another—a bit of female craft that you all trade on so long as you are young and good-looking."

"And what supplies the place of this ingenious device when we are neither young nor good-looking?"

"I don't know, for the simple reason that I never much interested myself in the sex after that period."

"That's a very sad thing for us. I declare I never had an idea how much we're to be pitied before."

"You would be to be pitied if you knew how we all think of you;" and he spoke with a spiteful malignity almost demoniac.

"It's better, then, for each of us that we should not know this. The trustfulness that you sneer at does us good service after all."

"And it was this story of the mine that induced Lendrick to come home from the Cape, wasn't it?"

"No; he only heard of the mine since he arrived here."

"I thought," rejoined he, with a sneer, "that he ought to have resigned his appointment on account of this sudden wealth, all the more because I have known that he intended to come back this many a day. And what is Fossbrooke going to do for you? Is there a diamond necklace ordered? or is it one of the brats he is going to adopt?"

"By the way, I have been robbed: some one has carried off my gold comb and some pins; they were on my dressing-table last night. Jane saw them when I went into my room."

"Now's your time to replace the loss! It's the sort of tale old Fossbrooke always responded to."

She made no answer; and for several minutes each sat in silence. "One thing is pretty evident," said he at last, as he made figures with his cane on the ground—"we'll have to troop off, whether the Lendricks come here or not. The place will not be tenable once they are in the vicinity."

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Do you mean that the Doctor and his daughter will stand the French cook here, and the dinners, and let the old man make a blessed fool of himself, as he has been doing for the last eight or ten months past? or do you pretend that if we were to go back to the leg-of-mutton days, and old Haire for company, that it would

be worth holding on to? I don't; and I tell you frankly that I intend to demand my passports, as the Ministers say, and be off."

"But I can't 'be off.' I have no such alternative!"

"The worse luck yours, or rather the worse skill; for if you had played your hand better, it would not have been thus with you. By the way, what about Trafford? I take it he'll marry this girl now."

"I have not heard," said she, pinching her lips, and speaking with a forced composure.

"If I were you I'd make myself Lucy's confidante, get up the match, and go and live with them. These are the really happy *ménages*. If there be such a thing as bliss, perfect bliss in this world, it is where the wife has a dear friend in the house with her, who listens to all her sorrows, and helps her to manage the tyrant that inflicts them. It was a great mistake of ours not to have known this in early life. Marriage was meant to be a triangle."

"If you go, as you speak of going, have you any objection to my addressing myself to Sir Brook for some assistance?"

"None whatever. I think it the most natural thing in life; he was your guardian, and you have a right to ask what has become of your fortune."

"He might refer me to you for the information."

"Very unmannerly if he should, and very ungallant too, for an old admirer. I'm certain if I were to be—what is the phrase?—removed, yes, removed—he'd marry you. Talk of three-volume novels and virtue rewarded, after that!"

"You have been playing to-night," said she, gravely.

"Yes."

"And lost?"

"Lost heavily."

"I thought so. Your courtesies to me have been the measure of your bad-luck for many a day. I have often felt that 'four by honours' has saved me from a bad headache."

"Then there has been more sympathy between us than I ever suspected," said he, rising, and stretching himself; and after a moment or two added, "Must I call on this Dr. Lendrick?—will he expect me to visit him?"

"Perhaps so," said she, carelessly—"he asked after you."

"Indeed!—did he ask after Trafford too? Do you remember the day at the Governor's dinner he mistook you for Trafford's wife, and explained his mistake by the fa-

miliarity of his manner to you in the garden? It was the best bit of awkwardness I ever witnessed."

"I suppose you felt it so?"

"I—I felt it so! I suspect not! I don't believe there was a man at table enjoyed the blunder as heartily."

"I wish—how I wish!" said she, clasping her hands together.

"Well—what?"

"I wish I could be a man for one brief half-hour!" cried she, and her voice rang with a mild but clear resonance, that made it seem louder than it really was.

"And then?" said he, mockingly.

"Oh do not ask me more!" cried she, as she bent down and hid her face in her hands.

"I think I *will* call on Lendrick," said he, after a moment. "It may not be exactly the sort of task a man would best like; but I opine, if he is about to give his daughter in marriage to this fellow, he ought to know more about him. Now I can tell him something, and my wife can tell him more. There's no indiscretion in saying so much, is there?"

She made no reply; and after a pause he went on—"If Trafford hadn't been a shabby dog, he'd not have higgled about buying up those letters. Cane and Kincaid offered them to him for a thousand pounds. I suspect he'd like to have the offer repeated now, but he shall not. He believes, or affects to believe, that, for my own sake, I'll not make a public scandal: he doesn't know his man when he thinks this. *You*, madam, might have taught him better—eh?" Still no reply, and he continued—"There's not a man living despises public opinion as I do. If you are rich you trample on it, if poor it tramples on *You*; but so long as a fellow braves the world, and declares that he shrinks from nothing—evades nothing—neither turns right nor left to avoid its judgments—the coward world gives way and lets him pass. *I'll* let them see that I don't care a straw for my own life, when at the price of it I can blow up a magazine."

"No, no, no!" muttered she, in a low but clear tone.

"What do you mean by No, no?" cried he, in a voice of passion.

"I mean that you care a great deal for your own life, and a great deal for your own personal safety; and that if your tyranny to a poor, crushed, weak woman has any bounds, it is from your fear, your abject fear, that in her desperation she might seek a protector, and find him."

"I told you once before, madam, men don't like this sort of protectorate. The old bullying days are gone by. Modern decorum 'takes it out' in damages." She sat still and silent; and after waiting some time, he said, in a calm, unmoved voice, "These little interchanges of courtesy do no good to either of us; they haven't even the poor attraction of novelty: so, as my friend Mr. O'Reardon says, let us 'be practical.' I had hoped that the old gentleman upstairs was going to do the polite thing, and die; but it appears now he has changed his mind about it. This, to say the least of it, is very inconvenient to me. My embarrassments are such that I shall be obliged to leave the country; my only difficulty is, I have no money. Are you attending? are you listening to me?"

"Yes; I hear you," said she, in a faint whisper.

"*You*, I know, cannot help me; neither can my mother. Of course the old Judge is out of the question. As for the fellows at the Club, I am deeply in debt to many of them; and Kincaid only reminds me of his unsettled bill of costs when I ask for a loan. A blank look-out, on the whole; isn't it?"

She muttered something like assent, and he went on. "I have gone through a good many such storms before, but none fully as bad as this; because there are certain things which in a few days must come out—ugly little disclosures—one or two there will be. I inadvertently sold that beech timber to two different fellows, and took the money too."

She lifted up her face, and stared at him without speaking.

"Fact, I assure you! I have a confoundedly bad memory; it has got me into scores of scrapes all through life. Then, this very evening, thinking that the Chief couldn't rub through, I made a stupid wager with Balfour that the seat on the Bench would be vacant within a week; and finished my bad run of luck by losing—I can't say how much, but very heavily indeed—at the Club."

A low faint sigh escaped her, but not a word.

"As to bills renewed, protested, and to be protested," said he, in the same easy tone, "they are legion. These take their course, and are no worse than any other man's bills—I don't fret myself about *them*. As in the old days of chivalry one never cared how scurvily he treated the 'villains,' so he behaved like a knight to his equals; so nowadays a man must book up at Tatter-

sall's, though he cheat his tailor. I like the theory, too; it keeps 'the' ball rolling' if it does nothing else."

All this he rattled out as though his own fluency gave him a sort of Dutch courage; and who knows, too—for there is a fund of vanity in these men—if he was not vain of showing with what levity he could treat dangers that might have made the stoutest heart afraid?

"Taking the 'tottle of the whole' of these—as old Joe Hume used to say—it's an ugly balance!"

"What do you mean to do?" said she, quietly.

"Bolt, I suppose. I see nothing else for it."

"And will that meet the difficulty?"

"No, but it will secure *me*; secure me from arrest, and the other unpleasant consequences that might follow arrest. To do this, however, I need money, and I have not five pounds—no, nor, I verily believe, five shillings—in the world."

"There are a few trinkets of mine upstairs. I never wear them"—

"Not worth fifty pounds, the whole lot; nor would one get half fifty for them in a moment of pressure."

"We have some plate"—

"We had, but I sold it three weeks ago; and that reminds me there was a rum old tea-urn got somehow mixed up with our things, and I sold it too, though it has Lendrick's crest upon it. You'll have to get it back some of these days—I told the fellow not to break it up till he heard from you."

"Then what is to be done?" said she, eagerly.

"That's the question; travelling is the one thing that can't be done on tick."

"If you were to go down to 'The Nest'—"

"But our tenure expires on the seventeenth, just one fortnight hence—not to say that I couldn't call myself safe there one hour. No, no; I must manage to get abroad, and instantly, that I may escape from my present troubles; but I must strike out some way of life—something that will keep me."

She sat still and almost stupefied, trying to see an escape from these difficulties, but actually overwhelmed by the number and the nature of them.

"I told you a while ago that I did not believe one word of this story of the mine, and the untold wealth that has fallen to old Fossbrooke; *you*, however, do believe it; you affirm the tale as if you had seen and

touched the ingots; so that you need have no reluctance to ask him to help you."

"You do not object to this course, then?" asked she, eagerly.

"How can I object? If I clutch at a plank when I'm drowning, I don't let go because it may have nails in it. Tell him that you want to buy me off, to get rid of me; that by a couple of hundred pounds—I wish he'd make it five—you can insure my leaving the country, and that my debts here will prevent my coming back again. It's the sort of compact he'll fully concur in; and you can throw in, as if accidentally, how useless it is for him to go on persecuting me, that his confounded memory for old scores has kept my head under water all my life, and hint that those letters of Trafford's he insists on having"—

"He insists on having!"

"To be sure he does; I thought I had told you what brought him over here! The old meddling humbug, in his grand benevolence vein, wants to smooth down the difficulties between Lucy Lendrick and Trafford, one of which was thought to be the fellow's attachment to *you*. Don't blush; take it as coolly as I do. I'm not sure whether reading the correspondence aloud isn't the best way to dispel this illusion. You can say that better than I can."

"Trafford never wrote one line to me which I should be afraid or ashamed to see in print."

"These are matters of taste. There are scores of women like publicity, and would rather be notoriety for scandal than models of unnoticed virtue, so we'll not discuss that. There, there; don't look so supremely indignant and contemptuous. That expression became you well enough at three-and-twenty; but ten years, ten long years of not the very smoothest existence, leave their marks!"

She shook her head mournfully, but in silence.

"At all events," resumed he, "declare that you object to the letters being in other hands than your own; and as to a certain paper of mine—a perfectly worthless document, as he well knows—let him give it to you, or burn it in your presence."

She pushed her hair back from her temples, and pressed her hands to either side of her head as though endeavouring to collect her thoughts, and rally herself to an effort of calm determination.

"How much of this is true?" said she at last.

"What do you mean?" said he, sternly.

"I mean this," said she, resolutely — "that I want to know, if you should get this money, is it really your intention to go abroad?"

"You want a pledge from me on this?" said he, with a jeering laugh. "You are not willing to stoop to all this humiliation without having the price of it afterwards? Is not that your meaning?"

Her lips moved, but no sound was audible.

"All fair and reasonable," said he, calmly. "It's not every woman in the world would have the pluck to tell her husband how much meanness she would submit to simply to get rid of him; but, you were always courageous, that I will say — you have courage enough."

"I had need of it."

"Go on, madam, finish your speech. I know what you would say. 'You had need of courage for two;' that was the courteous speech that trembled on your lip. The only thing beats your courage is your candour! Well, I must content myself with humbler qualities. I cannot accompany you into these high flights of excellence, but I can go away; and that, after all, is something. Get me this money and I will go — I promise you faithfully — go, and not come back."

"The children," said she, and stopped.

"Madam!" said he, with a mock-heroic air, "I am not a brute! I respect your maternal feelings, and would no more think of robbing you of your children" —

"There — there, that will do. Where is Sir Brook to be found — where does he live?"

"I have his address written down — here it is," said he — "the last cottage on the southern side of Howth. There is a porch to the door, which, it would seem, is distinctive, as well as three chimneys; my informant was as descriptive as Figaro. You had better keep this piece of paper as a reminder, and the trains deposit you at less than half a mile from the place."

"I will go early to-morrow morning. Shall I find you here on my return?"

"Of that you may be certain. I can't venture to leave the house all day; I'm not sure there will not be a writ out against me."

She arose and seemed about to say something — hesitated for a moment or two, and then slowly entered the house, and disappeared.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GOING OUT.

In a small dinner-room of the Viceregal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, the Viceroy sat at dinner with Sir Brook Fossbrooke. He had arrived in great haste, and incognito, from England, to make preparations for his final departure from Ireland; for his party had been beaten in the House, and expected that, in the last debate on the measure before them, they would be driven to resign office. Lord Wilmington had no personal regrets on the subject. With high station and a large fortune, Ireland, to him, meant little else than estrangement from the habits and places that he liked, with the exposure to that species of comment and remark which the Press so unsparingly bestows on all public men in England. He had accepted office to please his party; and, though naturally sorry for their defeat, there was a secret selfish satisfaction at being able to go back to a life more congenial to him that more than consoled him for the ministerial reverse.

It is difficult for the small world of place-hunters and office-seekers to understand this indifference; but I have little doubt that it exists largely amongst men of high position and great fortune, and imparts to their manner that seeming dignity in adversity which we humble folk are so prone to believe the especial gift of the "order."

Cholmondeley Balfour did not take matters so coolly; he had been summoned over by telegram to take his part in the "third reading," and went away with the depressing feeling that his official sun was about to set, and all the delightful insolences of a "department" were about to be withdrawn from him.

Balfour had a brief interview with the Viceroy before he started, and hurriedly informed him how events stood in Ireland. Nor was it without a sense of indignation that he saw how little his Excellency cared for the defeat of his party, and how much more eager he seemed to see his old friend Fossbrooke, and thank him for his conduct, than listen to the details of the critical questions of the hour.

"And this is his address, you say?" said Lord Wilmington, as he held a card in his hand. "I must send off to him at once."

"It's all Bentley's fault," said Balfour,

full of the House and the debate. "If that fellow were drowning, and had only breath for it, he'd move an amendment! And it's so provoking, now we had got so splendidly through our prosecutions, and were winning the Catholics round to us besides; not to say that I have at last managed to induce Lendrick to resign, and we have a Judgeship to bestow." In a few hurried words he recounted his negotiation with Sewell, placing in the Viceroy's hand the document of the resignation.

Lord Wilmington's thoughts were fully as much on his old friend Fossbrooke all this time as on questions of office, and not a little disconcerted the Secretary by muttering, "I hope the dear old fellow bears me no ill-will. I would not for worlds that he should think me unmindful of him."

And now they sat over their wine together, talking pleasantly of bygone times and old friends — many lost to them by death, and some by distance.

"I take it," said Fossbrooke, after a pause, "that you are not sorry to get back to England."

Lord Wilmington smiled, but said nothing.

"You never could have cared much for the pomp and state of this office, and, I suppose, beyond these, there is little in it."

"You have hit it exactly. There is nothing to be done here — nothing! The shortness of the period that is given to any man to rule this country, and the insecurity of his tenure, even for that time, compel him to govern by a party; and the result is, we go on alternately pitting one faction against the other, till we end by marshalling the nation into two camps, instead of massing them into one people. Then there is another difficulty. In Ireland, the question is not so much what you do as by whom you do it. It is the men, not the measures, that are thought of. There is not an infringement on personal freedom I could not carry out, if you only let me employ for its enactment some popular demagogue. Give me a good patriot in Ireland, and I'll engage to crush every liberty in the island."

"I don't envy you your office, then," said Fossbrooke, gravely.

"Of course you don't; and between ourselves, Fossbrooke, I'm not heartbroken by the thought of laying it down. I suspect, too, that after a spell of Irish official life every statesman ought to lie fallow for a while: he grows so shifty and so unscrupulous here, he is not fit for home work."

"And how soon do you leave?"

"Let me see," said he, pondering. "We

shall be beaten to-night, or to-morrow night at farthest. They'll take a day to talk it over, and another to see the Queen; and allowing three days more for the negotiations back and forward, I think I may say we shall be out by this day week. A week of worry and annoyance it will be?"

"How so?"

"All the hungry come to be fed at the last hour. They know well that an outgoing administration is always bent on filling up everything in their gift. You make a clean sweep of the larder before you give up the key to the new housekeeper; and one is scarcely so inquisitive as to the capacity of the new office-holder as he would be if, remaining in power, he had to avail himself of his services. For instance, Pemberton may not be the best man for Chief Baron, but we mean to bequeath him in that condition to our successors."

"And what becomes of Sir William Lendrick?"

"He resigns."

"With his peerage?"

"Nothing of the kind; he gets nothing. I'm not quite clear how the matter was brought about. I heard a very garbled, confused story from Balfour. As well as I could gather, the old man intrusted his step-son, Sewell, with the resignation, probably to enable him to make some terms for himself; and Sewell — a shifty sort of fellow, it would seem — held it back, — the Judge being ill, and unable to act, — till he found that things looked ticklish. We might go out — the Chief Baron might die — heaven knows what might occur. At all events he closed the negotiation, and placed the document in Balfour's hands, only pledging him not to act upon it for eight-and-forty hours."

"This interests me deeply. I know the man Sewell well, and I know that no transaction in which he is mixed up can be clean-handed."

"I have heard of him as a man of doubtful character."

"Quite the reverse; he is the most indubitable scoundrel alive. I need not tell you that I have seen a great deal of life, and not always of its best or most reputable side. Well, this fellow has more bad in him, and less good, than any one I have ever met. The world has scores, thousands, of unprincipled dogs, who, when their own interests are served, are tolerably indifferent about the rest of humanity. They have even, at times, their little moods of generosity, in which they will help a fellow-blackguard, and actually do things that seem good-natured. Not so Sewell.

Swimming for his life, he'd like to drown the fellow that swam alongside of him."

"It is hard to believe in such a character," said the other.

"So it is! I stood out long—ay, for years—against the conviction; but he has brought me round to it at last, and I don't think I can forgive the fellow for destroying in me a long-treasured belief that no heart was so depraved as to be without its relieving trait."

"I never heard you speak so hardly before of any one, Fossbrooke."

"Nor shall you ever again, for I will never mention this man more. These fellows jar upon one's nature, and set it out of tune towards all humanity."

"It is strange how a shrewd old lawyer like the Chief Baron could have taken such a man into his confidence."

"Not so strange as it seems at first blush. Your men of the world—and Sewell is eminently one of these—wield an immense influence over others immeasurably their superiors in intellect, just by force of that practical skill which intercourse with life confers. Think for a moment how often Sewell might refer some judgment or opinion of the old Chief to that tribunal they call 'Society,' of whose ways of thought, or whose prejudices, Lendrick knows as much as he knows of the domestic habits of the Tonga Islanders. Now Sewell was made to acquire this influence, and to employ it."

"That would account for his being intrusted with this," said the Viceroy, drawing from his breast-pocket the packet Balfour had given him. "This is Sir William's long-awaited-for resignation."

"The address is in Sewell's writing. I know the hand well."

"Balfour assured me that he was well acquainted with the Chief Baron's writing, and could vouch for the authenticity of the document. Here it is." As he said, he opened the envelope, and drew forth a half-sheet of post-paper, and handed it to Fossbrooke.

"Ay, this is veritable. I know the hand too, and the style confirms it." He pondered for some seconds over the paper, turned it, looked at the back of it, examining it all closely and carefully, and then, holding it out at arm's-length, he said, "You know these things far better than I do, and you can say if this be the sort of document a man would send on such an occasion."

"You don't mean that it is a forgery?"

"No, not that; nor is it because a forgery would be an act Sewell would hold back from."

I merely ask if this looks like what it purports to be? Would Sir William Lendrick, in performing so solemn an act, take a half-sheet of paper,—the first that offered, it would seem—for see, here are some words scribbled on the back,—and send in his resignation blurred, blotted, and corrected like this?"

"I read it very hurriedly. Balfour gave it to me as I landed, and I only ran my eyes over it; let me see it again. Yes, yes," muttered he, "there is much in what you say; all these smudges and alterations are suspicious. It looks like a draft of a dispatch."

"And so it is. I'll wager my head on it—just a draft."

"I see what you mean. It was a draft abstracted by Sewell, and forwarded under this envelope."

"Precisely. The Chief Baron, I am told, is a hot, hasty, passionate man, with moments of rash, impetuous action; in one of these he sat down and wrote this, as Italians say, 'per sfogarsi.' Warm-tempered men blow off their extra steam in this wise, and then go on their way like the rest of us. He wrote this, and, having written it, felt he had acquitted a debt he owed his own indignation."

"It looks amazingly like it; and now I remember in a confused sort of way something about a bet Balfour lost; a hundred—I am not sure it was not two hundred"—

"There, there," said Fossbrooke, laughing. "I recognise my honourable friend at once. I see the whole, as if it were revealed to me. He grows bolder as he goes on. Formerly, his rascalities were what brokers call 'time bargains,' and not to be settled for till the end of the month, but now he only asks a day's immunity."

"A man must be a consummate scoundrel who would do this."

"And so he is—a fellow who stops at nothing. Oh, if the world only knew how many brigands wore diamond shirt-buttons, there would be as much terror in going into a drawing-room as people now feel about a tour in Greece. You will let me have this document for a few hours?"

"To be sure, Fossbrooke. I know well I may rely on your discretion; but what do you mean to do with it?"

"Let the Chief Baron see it, if he's well enough; if not, I'll show it to Beattie, his doctor, and ask his opinion of it. Dr Lendrick, Sir William's son, is also here, and he will probably be able to say if my suspicions are well-founded."

"It seems odd enough to me, Fossy, to

hear you talk of your suspicions! How hardly the world must have gone with you since we met to inflict you with suspicions! You never had one long ago."

"And shall I tell you how I came by them, Wilmington?" said he, laughing. "I have grown rich again — there's the whole secret. There's no such corrupter as affluence. My mine has turned out a perfect Potosi, and here am I ready to think every man a knave and a rascal, and the whole world in a conspiracy to cheat me!"

"And is this fact about the mine? — tell me all about it."

And Fossbrooke now related the story of his good fortune, dwelling passingly on the days of hardship that preceded it; but frankly avowing that it was a consummation of which he never for a moment doubted. "I knew it," said he; "and I was not impatient. The world is always an amusing drama, and though one may not be 'cast' for a high part, he can still 'come on' occasionally, and at all events he can enjoy the preformance."

"And is this fortune to go like the others, Fossy?" said the Viceroy, laughing.

"Have I not told you how much wiser I have grown? that I trust no one?" "I'm not sure that I'll not set up as a money-lender."

"So you were forty years ago, Fossy, to my own knowledge; but I don't suspect you found it very profitable."

"Have I not had my fifty — ay, my five hundred — per cent in my racy enjoyment of life? One cannot be paid in meal and malt too; and I have 'commuted' as they call it, and 'taken out' in cordiality what others prefer in cash. I do not believe there is a corner of the globe where I could not find some one to give me a cordial welcome."

"And what are your plans?"

"I have fully a thousand; my first, however, is to purchase that place on the Shannon, where, if you remember, we met once — the Swan's Nest. I want to settle my friends the Lendricks in their old home. I shall have to build myself a crib near them. But before I turn squatter I'll have a run over to Canada. I have a large tract there near Haron, and they have built a village on me, and now are asking me for a church, and a schoolhouse, and an hospital. It was but a week ago they might as well have asked me for the moon! I must see Ceylon too, and my coffee-fields. I am dying to be 'bon Prince' again and lower my rents. 'There's arrant snobbery,' some one told me 'other day, 'in that same love of popularity;'

but they'll have to give it even a worse name before they disgust me with it. 'I shall have to visit Cagliari also, and relieve Tom Lendrick, who would like, I have no doubt, to take that 'three months in Paris,' which young fellows call 'going over to see their friends.'"

"You are a happy fellow, Brook; perhaps the happiest I ever knew."

"I'll sell my secret for it cheap," said Fossbrooke, laughing. "It is, never to go grubbing for mean motives in this life; never tormenting yourself what this might mean or that other might portend, but take the world for what it seems, or what it wishes you to believe it. Take it with its company face on, and never ask to see any one in *dshéabille* but old and dear friends. Life has two sides, and some men spin the coin so as always to make the wrong face of the medal come uppermost. I learned the opposite plan when I was very young, and I have not forgotten it. Good-night now; I promised Beattie to look in on him before midnight, and it's not far off, I see."

"We shall have a day or two of you, I hope, at Crew before you leave England."

"When I have purchased my estate and married off my young people, I'll certainly make you a visit."

CHAPTER LXVII.

AT HOWTH.

On the same evening that Fossbrooke was dining with the Viceroy Trafford arrived in Dublin, and set out at once for the little cottage at Howth to surprise his old friend by his sudden appearance. Tom Lendrick had given him so accurate a description of the spot that he had no difficulty in finding it. If somewhat disappointed at first on learning that Sir Brook had dined in town, and might not return till a late hour, his mind was so full of all he had to say and to do that he was not sorry to have some few hours to himself for quiet and tranquil thought. He had come direct from Malta without going to Holt, and therefore was still mainly ignorant of the sentiments of his family towards him, knowing nothing beyond the fact that Sir Brook had induced his father to see him. Even that was something. He did not look to be restored to his place as the future head of the house, but he wanted recognition and forgiveness — the first for Lucy's sake more than his own. The thought was too painful that his wife — and he was determined she should.

be his wife — should not be kindly received and welcomed by his family. "I ask nothing beyond this," would he say over and over to himself. "Let us be as poor as we may, but let them treat us as kindred, and not regard us as outcasts. I bargain for no more." He believed himself thoroughly and implicitly when he said this. He was not conscious with what force two other and very different influences swayed him. He wished his father, and still more his mother, should see Lucy; not alone see her beauty and gracefulness, but should see the charm of her manner, the fascination which her bright temperament threw around her. "Why, her very voice is a spell!" cried he, aloud, as he pictured her before him. And then, too, he nourished a sense of pride in thinking how Lucy would be struck by the sight of Holt — one of the most perfect specimens of old Saxon architecture in the kingdom; for, though a long line of descendants had added largely, and incongruously too, to the building, the stern and squat old towers, the low broad battlements and square casements, were there, better blazons of birth and blood than all the gilded decorations of a herald's college.

He honestly believed he would have liked to show her Holt as a true type of an ancient keep, bold, bluff, and stern-looking, but with an unmistakable look of power, recalling a time when there were lords and serfs, and when a Trafford was as much a despot as the Czar himself. He positively was not aware how far personal pride and vanity influenced this desire on his part, nor how far he was moved by the secret pleasure his heart would feel at Lucy's wondering admiration.

"If I cannot say, This is your home — this is your own, I can at least say, It is from the race who have lived here for centuries he who loves you is descended. We are no 'new rich,' who have to fall back upon our wealth for the consideration we count upon. We were men of mark before the Normans were even heard of." All these, I say, he felt, but knew not. That Lucy was one to care for such things he was well aware. She was intensely Irish in her reverence for birth and descent, and had that love of the traditionary which is at once the charm and the weakness of the Celtic nature. Trafford sat thinking over these things, and thinking over what might be his future. It was clear enough he could not remain in the army; his pay, barely sufficient for his support at present, would never suffice when he had a wife. He had some debts, too; not very heavy, indeed, but onerous enough when

their payment must be made out of the sale of his commission. How often had he done over that weary sum of subtraction! not that repetition made matters better to him; for somehow, though he never could manage to make more of the sale of his majority, he could still, unhappily for him, continually go on recalling some debt or other that he had omitted to jot down — an unlucky 'fifty' to Jones which had escaped him till now; and then there was Sewell! The power of the unknown is incommensurable; and so is it, there is that in a vague threat that terrifies the stoutest heart. Just before he left Malta he had received a letter from a man whose name was not known to him in these terms; "Sir, — It has come to my knowledge professionally, that proceedings will shortly be instituted against you in the Divorce Court at the suit of Colonel Sewell, on the ground of certain letters written by you. These letters, now in the hands of Messrs. Cane & Kincaid, solicitors, Dominick Street, Dublin, may be obtained by you on payment of one thousand pounds, and the costs incurred up to this date. If it be your desire to escape the scandal and publicity of this action, and the much heavier damages that will inevitably result, you may do so by addressing yourself to your very obedient and faithful servant,

"JAMES MAHER,

"Attorney-at-Law,
"Kildare Place."

He had had no time to reply to this unpleasant epistle before he started, even had he known what reply to make, all that he resolved on being to do nothing till he saw Sir Brook. He had opened his writing-desk to find Lucy's last letter to him, and by ill luck it was this ill-omened document first came to his hand. Fortune will play us these pranks. She will change the glass we meant to drink out of, and give us a bitter draught at the moment that we dreamed of nectar! "If I'm to give this thousand pounds," muttered he, moodily, "I may find myself with about eight hundred in the world! for I take it these costs he speaks of will be no trifle! I shall need some boldness to go and to tell this to Sir William Lendrick when I ask him for his granddaughter." Here again he bethought him of Sir Brook, and reassured himself that with his aid even this difficulty might be conquered. He arose to ask if it were certain that Sir Brook would return home that night, and discovered that he was alone in the cottage, the fisherman and his wife who lived there

having gone down to the shore to gather the seaweed left by the retreating tide. Trafford knew nothing of Fossbrooke's recent good fortune. The letters which conveyed that news reached Malta after he had left, and his journey to England was prompted by impatience to decide his fate at once, either by some arrangement with his family which might enable him to remain in the army, or, failing all hope of that, by the sale of his commission. "If Tom Lendrick can face the hard life of a miner, why should not I?" would he say. "I am as well able to rough it as any man. Fellows as tenderly nurtured as myself go out to the gold-diggings and smash quartz, and what is there in me that I should shrink from this labour!" There was a grim sort of humour in the way he repeated to himself the imaginary calls of his comrades. "Where's Sir Lionel Trafford? Will some one send the distinguished baronet down here with his shovel?" "Lucy, too, has seen the life of hard work and stern privation. She showed no faint-heartedness at its hardships: far from it. I never saw her look happier nor cheerier. To look at her, one would say that she liked its wild adventure—its very uncommonness. I'll be sworn if we'll not be as happy—happier, perhaps, than if we had rank and riches. As Sir Brook says, it all depends upon himself in what spirit a man meets his fortune. Whether you confront life or death, there are but two ways—that of the brave man or the coward.

"How I wish he were come! How impatient I am to know what success he has had with my father! My own mind is made up. The question is, Shall I be able to persuade others to regard the future as I do? Will Lucy's friends let her accept a beggar? No, not that! He who is able and willing to work need not be a beggar. Was that a tap at the door? Come in." As he spoke the door slowly opened, and a lady entered: her veil, closely drawn and folded, completely concealed her face, and a large shawl wrapped her figure from shoulders to feet.

As he stood for an instant silent, Trafford arose and said, "I suppose you wished to see Sir Brook Fossbrooke; but he is from home, and will not return till a late hour."

"Don't you remember me, Lionel?" said she, drawing back her veil, while she leaned against the wall for support.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Sewell!" and he sprang forward and led her to a seat. "I never thought to see you here," said he, merely uttering words at random in his astonishment.

"When did you come?" asked she, faintly.

"About an hour ago."

"True? Is this true?"

"On my honour. Why do you ask? why should you doubt it?"

"Simply to know how long you could have been here without coming to me." These words were uttered in a voice slightly tremulous, and full of a tender significance. Trafford's cheeks grew scarlet, and for a moment he seemed unable to reply. At last he said, in a confused way, "I came by the mail-packet, and at once drove out here. I was anxious to see Sir Brook. And you?"

"I came here also to see him."

"He has been in some trouble lately," said Trafford, trying to lead the conversation into an indifferent channel. "By some absurd mistake they arrested him as a Celt."

"How long do you remain here, Lionel?" asked she, totally unmindful of his speech.

"My leave is for a month, but the journey takes off one-half of it."

"Am I much changed, Lionel, since you saw me last? You can scarcely know. Come over and sit beside me."

Trafford drew his chair close to hers. "Well," said she, pushing back her bonnet, and by the action letting her rich and glossy hair fall in great masses over her back, "you have not answered me? How am I looking?"

"You were always beautiful, and fully as much so now as ever."

"But I am thinner, Lionel. See my poor hands, how they are wasted. These are not the plump fingers you used to hold for hours in your own—all that dreary time you were so ill;" and as she spoke she laid her hand, as if unconsciously, over his.

"You were so good to me," muttered he—"so good and so kind."

"And you have wellnigh forgotten it all," said she, sighing heavily.

"Forgotten it! far from it. I never think of you but with gratitude."

She drew her hand hastily away, and averted her head at the same time with a quick movement.

"Were it not for your tender care and watchfulness, I know well I could never have recovered from that severe illness. I cannot forget, I do not want to forget, the thousand little ways in which you assuaged my suffering, nor the still more touching kindness with which you bore my impatience. I often live it all over again, believe me, Mrs. Sewell."

"You used to call me Lucy," said she, in a faint whisper.

"Did I — did I dare?"

"Yes, you dared. You dared even more than that, Lionel. You dared to speak to me, to write to me, as only he can write or speak who offers a woman his whole heart. I know the manly code on these matters is, that when a married woman listens even once to such addresses, she admits the plea on which her love is sought; but I believed — yes, Lionel, I believed — that yours was a different nature. I knew — my heart told me — that you pitied me."

"That I did," said he, with a quivering lip.

"You pitied me because you saw the whole sad story of my life. You saw the cruel outrages, the insults I was exposed to! Poor Lionel," and she caught his hand as she spoke — "how severely did it often try your temper to endure what you witnessed!"

Trafford bit his lip in silence, and she went on more eagerly, "I needed not defenders. I could have had scores of them. There was not a man who came to the house would not have been proud to be my champion. You know if this be a boast. You know how I was surrounded. For the very least of those caresses I bestowed upon you on your sickbed, there was not one who would not have risked his life. Is this true?"

"I believe it," muttered he.

"And why did I bear all this," cried she, wildly — "why did I endure, not alone and in the secrecy of my own home, but before the world — in the crowd of a drawing-room — outrage that wounds a woman's pride worse than a brought home crime? Why did I live under it all? Just for this, that the one man who should have avenged me was sick, if not dying; and that if he could not defend me, I would have no other. You said you pitied me," said she, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Do you pity me still?"

"With all my heart I pity you."

"I knew it — I was sure of it!" said she, with a voice vibrating with a sort of triumph. "I always said you would come back — that you had not, could not, forget me — that you would no more desert me than a man deserts the comrade that has been shipwrecked with him. You see that I did not wrong you, Lionel."

Trafford covered his face with both his hands, but never uttered a word, while she went on — "Your friends, indeed, if that be the name for them, insisted that I was mistaken in you! How often have I had to hear such speeches as 'Trafford always looks to himself. Trafford will never entangle

himself deeply for any one;' and then they would recount some little story of a heartless desertion here, or some betrayal there, as though your life — your whole life, was made up of these treacheries; and I had to listen to these as to the idle gossip one hears in the world and takes no account of! Would you believe it, Lionel, it was only last week I was making a morning call at my mother-in-law's, and I heard that you were coming home to England to be married! Perhaps I was ill that day — I had enough to have made me ill — perhaps more wretched than usual — perhaps, who knows, the startling suddenness of the news — I cannot say how, but so overcome was I by indignation, that I cried out, 'It is untrue — every syllable of it untrue.' I meant to have stopped there, but somehow I went on to say — heaven knows what — that I would not sit by and hear you slandered — that you were a man of unblemished honour — in a word, Lionel, I silenced your detractors; but in doing so, I sacrificed myself; and as one by one each visitor rose to withdraw — they were all women — they made me some little apology for whatever pain they had given me, and in such a tone of mock sorrow and real sarcasm, that as the last left the room I fell into a fit of hysterics that lasted for hours. 'Oh, Lucy, what have you done!' were the first words I heard, and it was *his* mother who spoke them. Ay, Lionel! they were bitter words to hear! Not but that she pitied me. Yes, women have pity on each other in such miseries. She was very kind to me, and came back with me to the Priory, and stayed all the evening with me, and we talked of *you*! Yes, Lionel, she forgave me. She said she had long foreseen what it must come to — that no woman had ever borne what I had — that over and over again she had warned him, conjuring him, if not for his own sake, for the children's — Oh, Lionel, I cannot go on!" burst she out, sobbing bitterly, as she fell at his feet, and rested her head on his knees. He carried her tenderly in his arms and placed her on a sofa, and she lay there to all seeming insensible and unconscious. He was bending anxiously over her as she lifted her eyelids and gazed at him — a long steadfast look it was, as though it would read his very heart within him. "Well," asked she — "well?"

"Are you better?" asked he, in a kind voice.

"When you have answered *my* question I will answer yours," said she, in a tone almost stern.

"You have not asked me anything, Lucy," said he, tremulously.

"And do you want me to say I doubt

you? cried she, with almost a scream. "Do you want me to humble myself to ask, Am I to be forsaken? — in plain words, is there one word of truth in this story of the marriage? Why don't you answer me? Speak out, sir, and deny it, as you would deny the charge that called you a swindler or a coward. What! are you silent? Is it the fear of what is to come after that appals you? but I absolve you from the charge, Trafford. You shall not be burdened by me. My mother-in-law will take me. She has offered me a home, and I have accepted it. There, now, you are released of that terror. Say that this tale of the marriage is a lie — a foul lie — a lie invented to outrage and insult me; — say that, Lionel! — just bow your head, my own — What! It is not a lie, then?" said she, in a low distinct voice — "and it is *I* that have been deceived, and you are — all that they called you."

"Listen to me, Lucy."

"How dare you, sir? — by what right do you presume to call me Lucy! Are you such a coward as to take this freedom because my husband is not here to resent it? Do not touch me, sir. That old man, in whose house I am, would strike you to the ground if you insulted me. It was to see him I came here — to see him, and not you. I came here with a message from my husband to Sir Brook Fossbrooke — and not to listen to the insulting addresses of Major Trafford. Let me go, sir; and at your peril touch me with a finger. Look at yourself in that glass yonder — look at yourself, and you will see why I despise you." And with this she arose and passed out, while with a warning gesture of her hand she motioned that he should not follow her.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

TO REPORT.

It was long after midnight when Mrs. Sewell reached the Priory. She dismissed her cab at the gate lodge, and was slowly walking up the avenue when Sewell met her.

"I was beginning to think you didn't mean to come back at all," cried he, in a voice of mingled taunt and irritation — "it is close on one o'clock."

"He had dined in town, and I had to wait till he returned," said she, in a low, faint tone.

"You saw him, however?"

"Yes, we met at the station."

"Well, what success?"

"He gave me some money — he promised me more."

"How much has he given you?" cried he, eagerly.

"Two hundred, I think; at least I thought he said there was two hundred — he gave me his pocket book. Let me reach the house, and have a glass of water before you question me more. I am tired — very tired."

"You seem weak, too; have you eaten nothing?"

"No, nothing."

"There is some supper on the table. We have had guests here. Old Lendrick and his daughter came up with Beattie. They are not above half an hour gone. They thought to see the old man, but Beattie found him so excited and irritable he advised them to defer the visit.

"Did you see them?"

"Yes, I passed the evening with them most amicably. The girl is wonderfully good-looking; and she has got rid of that shy, half-furtive way she had formerly, and looks at one steadfastly and with such a pair of eyes too! I had no notion she was so beautiful."

"Were they cordial in manner — friendly?"

"I suppose they were. Dr. Lendrick was embarrassed and timid, and with that fidgety uneasiness as if he wanted to be anywhere else than where he was; but she was affable enough — asked affectionately about you and the children, and hoped to see you to-morrow."

She made no reply, but, hastening her steps, walked on till she entered the house, when, passing into a small room off the hall, she threw off her bonnet, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, said, "I am dead tired — get me some water."

"You had better have wine."

"No, water. I am feverish. My head is throbbing painfully."

"You want food and support. Come into the dining-room and eat something. I'll keep you company, too, for I couldn't eat while those people were here. I felt, all the time, that they had come to turn us out; and indeed Beattie, with a delicate tact quite his own, half avowed it, as he said, 'It is a pity there is not light enough for you to see your old flower-garden, Lucy, for I know you are impatient to be back in it again.'"

"I'll try and eat something," said Mrs. Sewell, rising, and with weary steps moving into the dining-room.

Sewell placed a chair for her at the table,

helped her, and filled her glass, and telling the servant that he need not wait, sat down opposite her. "From what Beattie said I gather," said he, "that the Chief is out of danger; the crisis of the attack is over, and he has only to be cautious to come through. Isn't it like our luck?"

"Hush! — take care."

"No fear. They can't hear even when they try — these double doors puzzle them. You are not eating."

"I cannot eat; give me another glass of wine."

"Yes, that will do you good; it's the old thirty-four. I took it out in honour of Lendrick, but he is a water-drinker. I'm sure I wish Beattie were. I grudge the rascal every glass of that glorious claret which he threw down with such gusto, telling me the while that it was infinitely finer than when he last tasted it."

"I feel better now, but I want rest and sleep. You can wait for all I have to tell you till to-morrow — can't you?"

"If I must, there's no help for it; but considering that my whole future, in a measure, hangs upon it, I'd rather hear it now."

"I am wellnigh worn out," said she, plaintively; and she held out her glass to be filled once more; "but I'll try and tell you."

Supporting her head on both her hands, and with her eyes half closed, she went on in a low monotonous tone, like that of one reading from a book: — "We met at the station, and had but a few minutes to confer together. I told him I had been at his house; that I came to see him, and ask his assistance; that you had got into trouble, and would have to leave the country, and were without means to go. He seemed, I thought, to be aware of all this, and asked me, 'Was it only now that I had learned or knew of this necessity?' He also asked if it were at your instance, and by your wish, that I had come to him? I said, 'Yes; you had sent me.' Sewell started as if something sharp had pierced him, and she went on — "There was nothing for it but the truth; and, besides, I know him well, and if he had once detected me in an attempt to deceive him, he would not have forgiven it. He then said, 'It is not to the wife I will speak harshly of the husband, but what assurance have I that he will go out of the country?' I said, 'You had no choice between that and a jail.' He nodded assent, and muttered, 'A jail — and worse; and you,' said he, 'what is to become of you?' I told him 'I did not know; that perhaps

Lady Lendrick would take me and the children.'"

"He did not offer you a home with himself?" said Sewell, with a diabolical grin.

"No," said she, calmly; "but he objected to our being separated. He said that it was to sacrifice our children, and we had no right to do this; and that, come what might, we ought to live together. He spoke much on this, and asked me more than once if our hard-bought experiences had not taught us to be more patient, more forgiving towards each other."

"I hope you told him that I was a miracle of tolerance, and that I bore with a saintly submission what more irritable mortals were wont to go half mad about — did you tell him this?"

"Yes; I said you had a very practical way of dealing with life, and never resented an unprofitable insult."

"How safe a man's honour always is in a good wife's keeping!" said he, with a savage laugh. "I hope your candour encouraged him to more frankness; he must have felt at ease after that?"

"Still he persisted in saying there must be no separation."

"That was hard upon you; did you not tell him that was hard upon you?"

"No; I avoided mixing up myself in the discussion. I had come to treat for you, and you alone."

"But you might have said that he had no right to impose upon you a life of — what shall I call it? — incompatibility or cruelty."

"I did not; I told him I would repeat to you whatever he told me as nearly as I could." He then said, "Go abroad and live together in some cheap place, where you can find means to educate the children. I," said he, "will take the cost of that, and allow you five hundred a-year for your own expenses. If I am satisfied with your husband's conduct, and well assured of his reformation, I will increase this allowance."

"He said nothing about you nor your reformation — did he?"

"Not a word."

"How much will he make it if we separate?"

"He did not say. Indeed he seemed to make our living together the condition of aiding us."

"And if he knew of anything harder or harsher he'd have added it. Why, he has gone about the world these dozen years back telling every one what a brute and blackguard you had for a husband — that, short of murder, I had gone through every crime

towards you. Where was it I beat you with a hunting-whip?"

"At Rangoon," said she, calmly.

"And where did I turn you into the streets at midnight?"

"At Winchester."

"Exactly; these were the very lies—the infernal lies—he has been circulating for years; and now he says, 'If you have not yet found out how suited you are to each other, how admirably your tastes and dispositions agree, it's quite time you should do so. Go back and live together, and if one of you does not poison the other, I'll give you a small annuity.'"

"Five hundred a-year is very liberal," said she, coldly.

"I could manage on it for myself alone, but it's meant to support a family. It's beggary, neither more nor less."

"We have no claim upon him."

"No claim! What! no claim on your godfather, your guardian, not to say the impassioned and devoted admirer who followed you over India just to look at you, and spent a little fortune in getting portraits of you. Why, the man must be a downright impostor if he does not put half his fortune at your feet!"

"I ought to tell you that he annexed certain conditions to any help he tendered us. 'They were matters,' he said, 'could best be treated between you and himself; that I did not, nor need not, know any of them.'"

"I know what he alluded to."

"Last of all, he said, you must give him your answer promptly for he would not be long in this country."

"As to that, time is fully as pressing to me, as to him. The only question is, Can we make no better terms with him?"

"You mean more money?"

"Of course I mean more money. Could you make him say one thousand, or at least eight hundred, instead of five?"

"It would not be a pleasant mission," said she, with a bitter smile.

"I suppose not; a ruined man's wife need not look for many 'pleasant missions,' as you call them. This same one of to-day was not over-gratifying."

"Less even than you are aware," said she, slowly.

"Oh, I can very well imagine the tone and manner of the old fellow; how much of rebuke and severity he could throw into his voice; and how minutely and painstakingly he would dwell upon all that could humiliate you."

"No; you are quite wrong. There was

not a word of reproach, not a syllable of blame; his manner was full of gentle and pitying kindness, and when he tried to comfort and cheer me, it was like the affection of a father."

"Where, then, was this great trial and suffering of which you have just said I could take no full measure?"

"I was thinking of what occurred before I met Sir Brook," said she, looking up, and with her eyes now widely opened, and a nostril distended as she spoke; "I was thinking of an incident of the morning. I have told you that when I reached the cottage where Sir Brook lived, I found that he was absent, and would not return till a late hour. Tired with my long walk from the station, I wished to sit down and rest before I had determined what to do, whether to await his arrival or go back to town. I saw the door open, I entered the little sitting-room, and found myself face to face with Major Trafford."

"Lionel Trafford?"

"Yes, he had come by that morning's packet from England, and gone straight out to see his friend."

"He was alone, was he?"

"Alone! there was no one in the house but ourselves."

Sewell shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Go on."

The insult of his gesture sent the blood to her face and forehead, and for an instant she seemed too much overcome by anger to speak.

"Am I to tell you what this man said to me? Is *that* what you mean?" said she, in a voice that almost hissed with passion.

"Better not, perhaps," replied he, calmly, "if the very recollection overcome you so completely."

"That is to say, it is better I should bear the insult how I may than reveal it to one who will not resent it."

"When you say resent, do you intend I should call him out?—fight him?"

"If I were the husband instead of the wife, it is what I should do—ay," cried she, wildly, "and thank Fortune that gave me the chance."

"I don't think I'm going to show any such gratitude," said he, with a cold grin. "If he made love to you, I take it he fancied you had given him some encouragement. When you showed him that he was mistaken, he met his punishment. A woman always knows how to make a man look like a confounded fool at such a moment."

"And is that enough?"

"Is *what* enough?"

"I ask, is it enough to make him like a confounded fool? Will that soothe a wife's insulted pride, or avenge a husband's injured honour?"

"I don't know much of the wife's part; but as to the husband's share in the matter, if I had to fight every fellow who made up to you, my wedding garment ought to have been a suit of chain-armour."

"A husband need not fight for his wife's flirtations; besides, he can make her give these up if he likes. There are insults, however, that a man," and she said the word with a fierce emphasis, "resents with the same instinct that makes him defend his life."

"I know well enough what he'd say; he'd say that there was nothing serious in it, that he was merely indulging in that sort of larking talk one offers to a pretty woman who does not seem to dislike it. The chances are he'd turn the tables a bit, and say that you rather led him on than repressed him."

"And would these pleas diminish your desire to have his heart's blood?" cried she, wild with passion and indignation together.

"Having his heart's blood is very fine, if I was sure — quite sure — he might not have mine. The fellow is a splendid shot."

"I thought so. I could have sworn it," cried she, with a taunting laugh.

"I admit no man my superior with a pistol," said Sewell, stung far more by her laughter than her words; "but what have I to gain if I shoot him? His family would prosecute me to a certainty; and it went devilish close with that last fellow who was tried at Newgate."

"If you care so little for my honour, sir, I'll show you how cheaply I can regard yours. I will go back to Sir Brook to-morrow, and return him his money. I will tell him besides that I am married to one so hopelessly lost to every sentiment and feeling, not merely of the gentleman, but of the man, that it is needless to try to help him; that I will accept nothing for him — not a shilling; that he may deal with you on those other matters he spoke of as he pleases; that it will be no favour shown me when he spares you. There, sir, I leave you now to compute whether a little courage would not have served you better than all your cunning."

"You do not leave this room till you give me that pocket-book," said he, rising, and placing his back to the door.

"I foresaw this, sir," said she, laughing quietly, "and took care to deposit the money in a safe place before I came here. You

are welcome to every farthing I have about me."

"Your scheme is too glaring, too palpable by half. There is a vulgar shamelessness in the way you 'make your book,' standing to win whichever of us should kill the other. I read it at a glance," said he, as he threw himself into a chair; "but I'll not help to make you an interesting widow. Are you going? Good-night."

She moved towards the door, and just as she reached it he arose and said, "On what pretext could I ask this man to meet me? What do I charge him with? How could I word my note to him?"

"Let me write it," said she, with a bitter laugh. "You will only have to copy it."

"And if I consent, will you do all the rest? Will you go to Fossbrooke and ask him for the increased allowance?"

"I will."

"Will you do your best — your very best — to obtain it? Will you use all the power and influence you have over him to dissuade him from any act that might injure me? Will you get his pledge that he will not molest me in any way?"

"I will promise to do all that I can with him."

"And when must this come off — this meeting, I mean?"

"At once, of course. You ought to leave this by the early packet for Bangor. Harding or Vaughan — any one — will go with you. Trafford can follow you by the mid-day mail, as your note will have reached him early."

"You seem to have a capital head for these sort of things; you arrange all to perfection," said he, with a sneer.

"I had need of it, as I have to think for two," and the sarcasm stung him to the quick.

"I will go to your room and write the note. I shall find paper and ink there?"

"Yes; everything. I'll carry these candles for you," and he arose and preceded her to his study. "I wish he would not mix old Fossbrooke in the affair. I hope he'll not name him as his friend."

"I have already thought of that," said she, as she sat down at the table and began to write. After a few seconds she said, "This will do, I think."

"SIR, — I have just learned from my wife how grossly insulting was your conduct towards her yesterday, on the occasion of her calling at Sir Brook Fossbrooke's house. The shame and distress in which she re-

turned here would fully warrant any chastisement I might inflict upon you; but for the sake of the cloth you wear, I offer you the alternative which I would extend to a man of honour, and desire you will meet me at once with a friend. I shall leave by the morning packet for Holyhead, and be found at the chief hotel, Bangor, where, waiting your pleasure, I am your obedient servant.

"I hope it is needless to say that my wife's former guardian, Sir B. F., should not be chosen to act for you on this occasion."

"I don't think I'd say that about personal chastisement. People don't horsewhip nowadays."

"So much the worse. I would leave it there, however. It will insult him like a blow."

"Oh, he's ready enough—he'll not need poking to rouse his pluck. I'll say that for him."

"And yet I half suspect he'll write some blundering sort of apology; some attempt to show that I was mistaken. I know—I know it as well as if I saw it—he'll not fire at you."

"What makes you think that?"

"He couldn't. It would be impossible for him."

"I'm not so sure of that. There's something very provocative in the sight of a pistol muzzle staring at one a few paces off. I'd fire at my father if I saw him going to shoot at me."

"I think *you* would," said she, dryly. "Sit down and copy that note. We must send it by a messenger at once."

"I don't think you put it strongly enough about old Fossbrooke. I'd have said distinctly,—I object to his acting on account of his close and intimate connection with my wife's family."

"No, no; leave it all as it stands. If we begin to change we shall never have an end of the alterations."

"If I believed he would not fire at me, I'd not shoot him," said Sewell, biting the end of his pen.

"He'll not fire the first time; but if you go on to a second shot, I'm certain he will aim at you."

"I'll try and not give him this chance, then," said he, laughing. "Remember," added he, "I'm promising to cross the Channel, and I have not a pound in my pocket."

"Write that, and I'll go fetch you the money," said she, leaving the room; and, passing out through the hall and the front

door, she put her arm and hand into a large marble vase, several of which stood on the terrace, and drew forth the pocket-book which Sir Brook had given her, and which she had secretly deposited there as she entered the house.

"There, that's done," said he, handing her his note as she came in.

"Put it in an envelope and address it. And now, where are you to find Harding, or whoever you mean to take with you?"

"That's easy enough; they'll be at supper at the Club by this time. I'll go in at once. But the money?"

"Here it is. I have not counted it; he gave me the pocket-book as you see."

"There's more than he said. There are two hundred and eighty-five pounds. He must be in funds."

"Don't lose time. It is very late already—nigh two o'clock; these men will have left the Club, possibly?"

"No, no; they play on till daybreak. I suppose I'd better put my traps in a port-manteau at once, and not require to come back here."

"I'll do all that for you."

"How amiable a wife can be at the mere prospect of getting rid of her husband!"

"You will send me a telegram?"

"Very likely. Good-bye. Adieu."

"*Adieu et bonne chance*," said she, gaily.

"That means a good aim, I suppose?" said he, laughing.

She nodded pleasantly, kissed her hand to him, and he was gone.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A MOMENT OF CONFIDENCE.

MRS. SEWELL'S maid made two ineffectual efforts to awaken her mistress on the following morning, for agitation had drugged her like a narcotic, and she slept the dull heavy sleep of one overpowered by opium. "Why, Jane, it is nigh twelve o'clock," said she, looking at her watch. "Why did you let me sleep so late?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I did my best to rouse you. I opened the shutters, and I splashed the water into your bath, and made noise enough, I'm sure, but you didn't mind it all; and I brought up the Doctor to see if there was anything the matter with you, and he felt your pulse, and put his hand on your heart, and said, No, it was just over-fatigue; that you had been sitting up too much of late, and hadn't strength for it."

"Where's Colonel Sewell?" asked she, hurriedly.

"He's gone off to the country, ma'am; leastways he went away early this morning, and George thinks it was to Killaloe."

"Is Dr. Beattie here?"

"Yes, ma'am; they all breakfasted with the children at nine o'clock."

"Whom do you mean by all?"

"Mr. Lendrick, ma'am, and Miss Lucy. I hear as how they are coming back to live here. They were up all the morning in his lordship's room, and there was much laughing, as if it was a wedding."

"Whose wedding? What were you saying about a wedding?"

"Nothing, ma'am; only that they were as merry -- that's all."

"Sir William must be better, then?"

"Yes, ma'am, quite out of danger; and he's to have a partridge for dinner, and the Doctor says he'll be down-stairs and all right before this day week; and I'm sure it will be a real pleasure to see him lookin' like himself again, for he told Mr. Chaytor to take them wigs away, and all the pomatum-pots, and that he'd have the shower-bath that he always took long ago. It's a fine day for Mr. Chaytor, for he has given him I don't know how many coloured scarfs, and at least a dozen new waistcoats, all good as the day they were made; and he says he won't wear anything but black, like long ago; and, indeed, some say that old Rives, the butler as was, will be taken back, and the house be the way it used to be formerly. I wonder, ma'am, if the Colonel will let it be -- they say below-stairs, that he won't."

"I'm sure Colonel Sewell cares very little on the subject. Do you know if they are going to dine here to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am, they are. Miss Lucy said the butler was to take your orders as to what hour you'd like dinner."

"Considerate, certainly," said she, with a faint smile.

"And I heard Mr. Lendrick say, 'I think you'd better go up yourself, Lucy, and see Mrs. Sewell, and ask if we inconvenience her in any way;' but the Doctor said, 'You need not; she will be charmed to meet you.'"

"He knows me perfectly, Jane," said she, calmly. "Is Miss Lucy so very handsome? Colonel Sewell called her beautiful."

"Indeed I don't think so, ma'am. Mr. Chaytor and me thought she was too robust for a young lady; and she's freckled too, quite dreadful. The picture of her below in the study's a deal more pretty; but perhaps she was delicate in health when it was done."

"That would make a great difference, Jane."

"Yes, ma'am, it always do; every one is much genteeler-looking when they're poorly. Not but old Mr. Haire said she was far more beautiful than ever."

"And is he here too?"

"Yes, ma'am. It was he that pushed Miss Lucy down into the arm-chair, and said, 'Take your old place there, darling, and pour out the tea, and we'll forget that you were ever away at all.'"

"How pretty and how playful! The poor children must have felt themselves quite old in such juvenile company."

"They was very happy, ma'am. Miss Cary sat in Miss Lucy's lap all the time, and seemed to like her greatly."

"There's nothing worse for children than taking them out of their daily habits. I'm astonished Mrs. Groves should let them go and breakfast below-stairs without orders from me."

"It's what Miss Lucy said, ma'am. 'Are we quite sure Mrs. Sewell would like it?'"

"She need never have asked the question; or if she did, she might have waited for the answer. Mrs. Sewell could have told her that she totally disapproved of any one interfering with the habits of her children."

"And then old Mr. Haire said, 'Even if she should not like it, when she knows all the pleasure it has given us, she will forgive it.'"

"What a charming disposition I must have, Jane, without my knowing it!"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl, with a pursed-up mouth, as though she would not trust herself to expatiate on the theme.

"Did Colonel Sewell take Capper with him?"

"No, ma'am; Mr. Capper is below. The Colonel gave him a week's leave, and he's going a-fishing with some other gentleman down into Wicklow."

"I suspect, Jane, that you people below-stairs have the pleasantest life of all. You have little to trouble you. When you take a holiday, you can enjoy it with all your hearts."

"The gentlemen does, I believe, ma'am; but we don't. We can't go a-pleasuring like them; and if it ain't a picnic, or a thing of the kind that's arranged for us, we have nothing for it but a walk to church and back, or a visit to one of our friends."

"So that you know what it is to be bored!" said she, sighing drearily. "I mean, to be very tired of life, and sick of everything and everybody."

"Not quite so bad as that, ma'am: put out, ma'am, and provoked at times -- not in despair, like."

"I wish I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid, ma'am!" cried the girl, in almost horror.

"Well, a lady's-maid. I mean, I'd like a life where my heaviest sorrow would be a refused leave to go out, or a sharp word or two for an ill-ironed collar. See who is that at the door; there's some one tapping there the last two minutes."

"It's Miss Lucy, ma'am; she wants to know if she may come in?"

Mrs. Sewell looked in the glass before which she was sitting, and as speedily passed her hands across her brow, and by the action seeming to chase away the stern expression of her eyes; then, rising up with a face all smiles, she rushed to the door and clasped Lucy in her arms, kissing her again and again, as she said, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this; but why didn't you come and awaken me? why did you rob me of one precious moment of your presence?"

"I knew how tired and worn-out you were. Grandpapa has told me of all your unwearying kindness."

"Come over to the light, child, and let me see you well. I'm wildly jealous of you, I must own, but I'll try to be fair and judge you honestly. My husband says you are the loveliest creature he ever saw; and I declare I'm afraid he spoke truly. What have you done with your eyes? they are far darker than they used to be; and this hair — you need not tell me it's all your own, child. Gold could not buy it. Yes, Jane, you are right; she is perfectly beautiful."

"Oh, do not turn my head with vanity," said Lucy, blushing.

"I wish I could — I wish I could do anything to lesson any of your fascinations. Do you know it's very hard — very hard indeed — to forgive any one being so beautiful, and hardest of all for me to do so?"

"Why for you?" said Lucy, anxiously.

"I'll tell you another time," said she, in a half-whisper, and with a significant glance at her maid, who, with the officiousness of her order, was taking far more than ordinary trouble to put things to rights. "There, Jane," said her mistress at last, "all that opening and shutting of drawers is driving me distracted; leave everything as it is, and let us have quiet. Go and fetch me a cup of chocolate."

"Nothing else, ma'am?"

"Nothing; and ask if there are any letters for me. It's a dreadful house, Lucy, for sending one's letters astray. The Chief used to have scores of little scented notes sent up to him that were meant for me, and I used to get masses of formal-looking doc-

uments that should have gone to him; but everything is irregular here. There was no master, and, worse, no mistress; but I'll hope, as they tell me here, that there will soon be one."

"I don't know — I have not heard."

"What a diplomatic damsel it is! Why, child, can't you be frank, and say if you are coming back to live here?"

"I never suspected that I was in question at all; if I had, I'd have told you, as I tell you now, there is not the most remote probability of such an event. We are going back to live at The Nest. Sir Brook has bought it, and made it over to papa or myself — I don't know which, but it means the same in the sense I care for, that we are to be together again."

"How delightful! I declare, child, my envy of you goes on increasing every minute. I never was able to captivate any man, old or young, who would buy a beautiful house and give it to me. Of all the fortunate creatures I ever heard or read of, you are the luckiest."

"Perhaps I am. Indeed I own as much to myself when I bethink me how little I have contributed to my own good fortune."

"And I," said she, with a heavy sigh, "about the most unlucky! I suppose I started in life with almost as fair a promise as your own. Not so handsome, I admit. I had neither these long lashes nor that wonderful hair, that gives you a look of one of those Venetian beauties Giorgione used to paint; still less that lovely mouth, which I envy you more even than your eyes or your skin; but I was good-looking enough to be admired, and I was admired, and some of my admirers were very great folk indeed; but I rejected them all and married Sewell! I need not tell you what came of that. Poor papa foresaw it all. I believe it helped to break his heart; it might have broken mine too if I happened to have one. There, don't look horrified, darling. I wasn't born without one; but what with vanity and distrust, a reckless ambition to make a figure in the world, and a few other like good qualities, I made of the heart that ought to have been the home of anything that was worthy in my nature, a scene of plot and intrigue, till at last I imagine it wore itself out, just as people do who have to follow uncongenial labour. It was like a lady set down to pick oakum! Why don't you laugh, dear, at my absurd simile?"

"Because you frighten me," said Lucy, almost shuddering.

"I'm certain," resumed the other, "I was very like yourself when I was married. I

had been very carefully brought up — had excellent governesses, and was trained in all the admirable discipline of a well-ordered family. All I knew of life was the good side. I saw people at church on Sundays, and fancied that they wore the same tranquil and virtuous faces throughout the week. Above all things I was trustful and confiding. Colonel Sewell soon uprooted such delusions. He believed in nothing nor in any one. If he had any theory at all of life, it was that the world consisted of wolves and lambs, and that one must make an early choice which flock he would belong to. I'm ashamed to own what a zest it gave to existence to feel that the whole thing was a great game in which, by the exercise of skill and cleverness, one might be almost sure to win. He soon made me as impassioned a gambler as himself, as ready to risk anything — everything — on the issue. But I have made you quite ill, child, with this dark revelation; you are pale as death."

"No, I am only frightened — frightened and grieved."

"Don't grieve for me," said the other, haughtily. "There is nothing I couldn't more easily forgive than pity. But let me turn from my odious self and talk of you. I want you to tell me everything about your fortune, where you have been all this time, what seeing and doing, and what is the vista in front of you?"

Lucy gave a full account of Cagliari and her life there, narrating how blank their first hopes had been, and what a glorious fortune had crowned them at last. "I'm afraid to say what the mine returns at present; and they say it is a mere nothing to what it may yield when improved means of working are employed, new shafts sunk, and steam power engaged."

"Don't get technical, darling; I'll take your word for Sir Brook's wealth; only tell me what he means to do with it. You know he gambled away one large fortune already, and squandered another, nobody knows how. Has he gained anything by these experiences to do better with the third?"

"I have only heard of his acts of munificence or generosity," said Lucy, gravely.

"What a reproachful face to put on, and for so little!" said the other, laughing. "You don't think that when I said he gambled I thought the worse of him."

"Perhaps not; but you meant that I should."

"You are too sharp in your casuistry; but you have been living with only men

latterly, and the strong-minded race always impart some of their hardness to the women who associate with them. You'll have to come down to silly creatures like me, Lucy, to regain your softness."

"I shall be delighted if you let me keep your company."

"We will be sisters, darling, if you will only be frank with me."

"Prove me if you like; ask me anything you will, and see if I will not answer you freely."

"Have you told me all your Cagliari life — all?"

"I think so; all at least that was worth telling."

"You had a shipwreck on your island, we heard here; are such events so frequent that they make slight impression?"

"I was but speaking of ourselves and our fortunes," said Lucy; "my narrative was all selfish."

"Come — I never beat about the bush — tell me one thing — it's a very abrupt way to ask, but perhaps it's the best way — are you going to be married?"

"I don't know," said she; and her face and neck became crimson in a moment.

"You don't know! Do you mean that you're like one of those young ladies in the foreign convents who are sent for to accept a husband whenever the papas and mammas have agreed upon the terms?"

"Not that; but I mean that I am not sure whether grandpapa will give his consent, and without it, papa will not either."

"And why should not grandpa say yes? Major Trafford — we needn't talk riddles to each other — Major Trafford has a good position, a good name, and will have a good estate — are not these the three gifts the mothers of England go in pursuit of?"

"His family, I suspect, wish him to look higher; at all events they don't like the idea of an Irish daughter-in-law."

"More fools they! Irish women, of the better class, are more ready to respond to good treatment, and less given to resent bad usage, than any I ever met."

"Then I have just heard since I came over that Lady Trafford has written to grandpapa in a tone of such condescension and gentle sorrow, that it has driven him half crazy. Indeed, his continual inference from the letter is — What must the son of such a woman be!"

"That's most unfair!"

"So they have all told him — papa, and Beattie, and even Mr. Haire, who met Lionel one morning at Beattie's."

"Perhaps I might be of service here;

what a blush, child! dear me, you are crimson, far too deep for beauty. How I have fluttered the dear little bird, but I'm not going to rob its nest, or steal its mate away. All I meant was, that I could exactly contribute that sort of worldly testimony to the goodness of the match that old people like and ask for. You must never talk to them about affections, nor so much as allude to tastes or tempers; never expatiate on anything that cannot be communicated by parchment, and attested by proper witnesses. Whatever is not subject to stamp-duty, they set down as mere moonshine."

While she thus ran on, Lucy's thoughts never strayed from a certain letter which had once thrown a dark shadow over her, and even yet left a gloomy memory behind it. The rapidity with which Mrs. Sewell spoke, too, had less the air of one carried away by the strong current of feeling than of a speaker who was uttering everything, anything, to relieve her own overburdened mind.

"You look very grave, Lucy," went she on. "I suspect I know what's passing in that little brain. You are doubting if I should be the fittest person to employ on the negotiation; come, now, confess it."

"You have guessed aright," said Lucy, gravely.

"But all that's past and over, child. The whole is a mere memory now, if even so much. Men have a trick of thinking, once they have interested a woman on their behalf, that the sentiment survives all changes of time and circumstance, and that they can come back after years and claim

the deposit; but it is a great mistake, as *he* has found by this time. But don't let this make you unhappy, dear; there never was less cause for unhappiness. It is just of these sort of men the model husbands are made. The male heart is a very tough piece of anatomy, and requires a good deal of manipulation to make it tender, and, as you will learn one day, it is far better all this should be done before marriage than after. Well, Jane, I did begin to think you had forgotten about the chocolate. It is about an hour since I asked for it."

"Indeed, ma'am, it was Mr. Chaytor's fault; he was a-shooting rabbits with another gentleman."

"There, there, spare me Mr. Chaytor's diversions, and fetch me some sugar."

"Mr. Lendrick and another gentleman, ma'am, is below, and wants to see Miss Lucy."

"A young gentleman, Jane?" asked Mrs. Sewell, while her eyes flashed with a sudden fierce brilliancy.

"No, ma'am, an old gentleman, with a white beard, very tall and stern to look at."

"We don't care for descriptions of old gentlemen, Jane. Do we, Lucy? Must you go, darling?"

"Yes; papa perhaps wants me."

"Come back to me soon, pet. Now that we have no false barriers between us, we can talk in fullest confidence."

Lucy hurried away, but no sooner had she reached the corridor than she burst into tears.

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp and spread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,

Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die,
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given, nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

— Wordsworth.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Das Leben Jesu: für das deutsche Volk bearbeitet.* Von D. F. STRAUSS. Leipzig: 1864.
2. Dr. D. F. STRAUSS's '*New Life of Jesus:*' the authorized English Edition. 2 vols. London: 1865.
3. *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme; Livre deuxième: 'Les Apôtres.'* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: 1866.
4. '*Ecce Homo:*' a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Fifth Edition, with a new Preface. London: 1866.

It was said a great many centuries ago, and in a book of very high authority, that one result of the coming of Christ into the world would be 'that the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed.' And though such a result is not without its parallels and analogies in other cases, there is no other case in which either the disclosures of men's characters have been so searching and profound, or in which the effect has been so certainly repeated whenever a fresh interest has been awakened in the person and history of the great Teacher. The consequence is, that no epochs are better adapted for taking a review of the state of religious opinion than those in which popular attention has been strongly fixed upon the 'Life of Christ.' With other religious questions it is possible to fence and play, and act a part, whether in defence or opposition, as the case may be; feeling all the time, with the mediæval disputant, how easy it might be to shift one's ground and take up the brief for the other side. But this question is too closely intertwined with men's personal feelings and hopes for that. It is no matter of gladiatorial display. It is a matter of life and death. And, therefore, interesting as it may always be, even at times when men are following each other like a flock of sheep along some narrow path of dogma, to try and understand the meaning of the dogma which unlocks the history of their period, that interest culminates at times when the life of Jesus is in question — when men are thoroughly alive, and thoroughly in earnest; when reserve and reticence are broken through; and when the books, reviews, and pamphlets of any one year may easily offer (as it were, in section) a complete conspectus of all the main lines of contemporary thought.

Such a period, there can be no doubt, is our own. Never since the time of the Reformation — never, one might almost

say, since the time of the Apostles — has a more earnest attention been paid to the life of Jesus than at the present moment. There have been controversies without number as to His nature, confusions without end as to His doctrine, conflicts interminable about His Church, but to the present generation (strange to say) seems to have been bequeathed the task of arranging in an intelligible form the facts of His purely human history. The reason probably is, that never before have systems of belief foreign, yet analogous, to Christianity been so clearly understood, or so much vigorous intelligence been diverted from policy and war to a critical handling of classical, and still more of Oriental, modes of thought. Thus the desire of understanding the origin of Christianity, and the means of gratifying that desire, seem to have presented themselves simultaneously: and the impatience of mankind will bear no compromise, and take no refusal, until theologians have fairly girded themselves to the task of presenting the human life of Jesus in some strictly historical shape.

The difficulty of this task is probably least understood by those who most loudly make the demand. Were an invasion of England to shatter at one blow the framework of the State, to destroy the metropolis, and involve in common ruin the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the country, it is not likely that for the next thirty or forty years, at least, much literary activity would be displayed, or any work be bequeathed to posterity except writings intended for an immediate practical purpose. But if by chance some fragment or offshoot of the National Church had vigour enough to outlive the catastrophe, its first energies would be devoted to collecting the memorials of its earlier and more tranquil days, and especially to forming into a sort of canon for future reference all the writings which a hasty criticism could select as the genuine relics of its first founders. In fact, no course at such a time could be more consonant to sound sense and simple fidelity. But the crisis which we have supposed was far exceeded in severity by that fearful crash which ruined the Jewish State, destroyed the Temple, and scattered the population of Judæa, not very long after the first preaching of the Gospel. For the small geographical scale of Palestine — a country about as large as Wales — rendered the calamity more intense by concentrating it in that narrow area, and the furious passions that blazed out at the revolt would not for a long time cool down to the tempera-

ture of literary composition. Moreover, in this case, the inhabitants of the country were sown broadcast over the world. Every slave-market in three continents was full of them. And although it is true that these outcasts would find synagogues and settled communities of Jews wherever they went, still, the blow having crushed the political and religious hopes of all alike—with the sole exception of the Christian sect—it is likely that the only efforts of the pen which would be left from this epoch would be, on the one hand, Jewish and Christian collections of existing traditions, with occasional reflective attempts to find a key to the terrible events of the past; and, on the other, fugitive pieces of a hortatory or polemical character. Now this is exactly what we do find. The Mishna and the New Testament are the collection of traditions, written or otherwise. Josephus' History at Rome, St. John's Gospel at Ephesus, and probably the fourth Book of Esdras in the far East, are works of reflection, searches for the key to the past. And the remains of apostolical fathers and of Judæo-heretics are specimens of pieces inspired by a special purpose, and singularly barren of any important historical materials. When we add to all this the fact, that just at this period of the world, amid the slow but sure advance of universal decrepitude and decay, the most singular rage had seized mankind for pseudonymous composition, we have said enough to indicate that the historian of those times must walk warily, and be prepared to forego too hasty generalizations, and that the demand for a prompt and unimpeachable account of all that Jesus and His Apostles did and said is made in profound ignorance of the real conditions of the problem.

Still, men are always to be found, armed with more or less of learning and critical acumen, who will be prepared straightway to give an answer to the most impossible questions. To them patience seems no scientific virtue at all. And when they have lit upon some plausible solution of their problem, open at a hundred points to fatal assaults, disdaining to hold it as a mere hypothesis rough-hewn for after rectification, they must needs impose it upon the world as the one and only possible key to the whole question. In a word, they dogmatise. And strongly as both of them would repudiate the charge, we are sorry to be obliged to fix upon M. Renan as well as upon Herr Strauss this odious imputation of *dogmatism*. If it is dogmatism to found one's whole argument upon an *ipse dixit*, if

it is dogmatism to state boldly as an axiom what is so far from being self-evident that it is denied by the whole opposing party, and if it is dogmatism to select for this axiom the very point which, clothed in other words, is the proposition to be proved, then MM. Renan and Strauss are dogmatists. For while the very point in dispute is, whether Jesus was a superhuman personage or not, both of these writers lay it down as the first postulate in their argument that no superhuman hypothesis is admissible. Their argument therefore becomes neither more nor less than a vicious miracle. The Gospels are untrustworthy, because they record miracles; and no miracles are credible, because the books that record them are untrustworthy.* It is wonderful that men of so much ability should be guilty of such false logic, and should at this time of day be beguiled by the threadbare sophism of Hume, of which Strauss thinks so highly as to say: 'Hume's treatment of miracles is so universally convincing, that by it the matter may be considered as virtually settled.' (P. 148.) Yet Hume's celebrated argument is a mere *petitio principii*. All experience [i. e. for the most part, testimony of others], being against miracles, it is more likely that testimony should be false than that miracles should be true. Which is the same thing as saying, 'All experience being against Atlantic cables, it is far more likely that Messrs. Glasse and Field are playing upon our credulity than that the cable should be laid.' The reply of course is, But the cable is laid, for we have the results in our hands: and your argument from 'experience' is good for nothing, for unless it carefully keeps the experience of Messrs. Glasse and Field out of sight, it is inconclusive; and if it does, it amounts to saying, 'The experience of all, except those who have had the experience, is against Atlantic telegraphs.' Just so the Christian apologist may reply: 'Your argu-

* Compare, for instance, the following passages:—(1.) 'So long as the Gospels are regarded as historical sources, in the strict sense of the word, so long a historical view of the life of Jesus is impossible' (Strauss, p. 40); for 'historical enquiry refuses absolutely to recognise anywhere any such thing' as a miracle. (P. 146.) (2.) 'In the person and work of Jesus nothing supernatural happened; . . . for thus much we can soon discover about our Gospels, that neither all nor any of them display such historical trustworthiness as to compel our reason to the acceptance of a miracle.' (P. xv.) Similarly M. Renan:—(1.) 'The first twelve chapters of Acts are a tissue of miracles. Now, an absolute rule of criticism is, to allow no place in historical narration to miracles. (P. xliii.) (2.) 'Show me a specimen of these things, and I will admit them. . . . The *onus probandi* in science rests with those who allege a fact.' (P. xlv.)

ment against miracles is futile: for not only are results in our hands, which cannot be otherwise accounted for, but the "experience" you appeal to begins by excluding the experience of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and then of course the desired conclusion follows of itself.*

It is quite clear, therefore, that if these books of MM. Strauss and Renan are to receive that estimation which is, in some respects, justly due to them, they must be taken apart from the ridiculous premise on which they are professedly based, and judged with as little reference to it as possible. The childish simplicity must be forgiven of such passages as these: 'By miracles like that of feeding the multitudes, &c., natural science would be raised to its foundations' (Strauss, p. 39) — (that it would be much put out by a *super-natural* event we should quite expect); and 'if Jesus had not become transformed by legend, He would be an *unique phenomenon* in history' (Renan, *Vie de J.*, p. xlv.) — which is precisely, what Christians maintain Him to have been). The prerogative of the Almighty to address men through the senses, if it should seem good to Him to do so, must be dogmatically re-affirmed (for one piece of dogmatism is just as good as another); and these works must be studied, not for their arbitrary marshalling of texts in parody of the simple and noble delineation of Christ's life in the Gospels, but for their valuable aid towards realising the *human side* in His being, who was (under every hypothesis) 'very man'; and especially for their meritorious contributions towards setting it in an intelligible framework, and pointing out those nearer links of connections with previous and subsequent history which alone were wanting to substantiate the Christology of the Church. For it must be remembered, the Catholic doctrine has ever affirmed that Christ was a link in history, not out of it: a link heated to whiteness, it may be, and imparting that heat, but a link of precisely the same materials, and occurring in the same historical order, as the rest — 'perfect man,' and coming in the fulness of times.' And therefore, when write s, such as those in question, take much pains to display the preparation of the world for Christianity, and the strangely inflam-

mable state of the materials which it enkindled, they may perhaps do so with no more kindly intention than to suggest how little wonderful was the conflagration that ensued; but they are nevertheless unconsciously doing the Church's work. It is not their affirmations, but their negations which she repudiates. And she can well afford to receive, with full acknowledgments, all that they bring; for the convictions by which Christians lay hold of the Divine side of the question, and put themselves into personal relationship with Christ, are of another order altogether, and are but little affected by negative criticism.

The fact is, that in disentangling profound and intricate problems, every thing depends on the quarter from which they are approached. The solar system, so long as it was viewed from the earth as a centre, was an inextricable web of confusion; but directly a standing-point for the imagination was found in the sun, everything fell at once into its right place. In so complex and subtle a question as that of the truth of Christianity, this is still more surely the secret of success. The question is one which addresses neither the reason alone, nor the imagination alone, nor the conscience alone. It is, in its essence, an ethical question. But, making pretensions to stand upon the solid ground of historical fact, it is inevitably mixed up with matters of a secondary interest — points of criticism, various readings, and other documentary questions — and becomes subject to the demands of the imagination, that its origin and history be presented in a readily conceivable form. But it makes all the difference in the world whether a man begin by entangling himself amid petty critical details, or by determining at all costs to satisfy the imagination, — or whether he begin by grasping the central object of the whole system by an ethical process, and then endeavour to arrange, in the best way that circumstances admit, the intellectual and pictorial details. Christianity itself makes no pretensions to be understood by either of the former methods. It is no fault of the Gospel if men will persist in approaching it from the wrong quarter, and make confusion worse confounded in the attempt. For it emphatically claims to be, not a revelation to philosophers, but to babes; and no words can more distinctly point out the right clue than its own: — 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'

Now, it is precisely this clue which both MM. Strauss and Renan have entirely

* The subject of Miracles has recently been handled with extraordinary acuteness and force of reasoning by the Rev. Mr. Mozley, in his Hampton Lectures for last year. We know of nothing more able or more eloquent in our theological literature, and we would especially point out the Fourth Discourse, in which the writer proves that a belief in and possibility of miracles is identical with, and inseparable from, a belief in a personal God.

missed, and which the author of 'Ecce Homo' has, with admirable judgment and surprising success, taken up. Strauss's 'New Life of Jesus' is not indeed so purely a dry intellectual feat as the original work, which in 1835 startled the world by its audacious attempt to sift the Gospels into a heap of barren rubbish. Fired by the rapid popularity of M. Renan's Galilean idyll, and stung by the persistent refusal of the educated classes to acknowledge themselves brought over to his views, he now appeals to 'the German people,' works up his sifted particles afresh into a concrete but lifeless figure—that could never have converted anybody, much less the world—and ends by arranging in little heaps of (so-called) legendary matter the large proportion of the Gospel narrative, which is rejected as fictitious because it is miraculous. Thus Strauss, too, like Renan, finds himself compelled, in the earnest prosecution of his studies, to draw sensibly nearer towards Christianity. The Christ of his later work is a far more real and tangible personage than the faintly-sketched and misty figure that floated as a possible residuum of fact amid the hallucinations, myths, and forgeries of which the former book was full. Here we have the whole of Part I., comprising no less than 150 closely-printed pages, devoted to the real and historical Jesus of Nazareth, as the author conceives him to have actually lived and died. And though an equal space, it is true, is given to a critical introduction of very high interest, and a far larger number of pages to an elaborate classification of no less than twelve groups of myths, arranged in their respective imaginary layers, yet the concessions made in these 150 pages are so important, and the reality of Christ's earthly history as described by the Evangelists is, in its main features, so candidly confessed, that we seem to have here restored to us almost all that was worth contending for.

Jesus of Nazareth, then—according to Herr Strauss's latest and most advanced criticism of his human history—was a Galilean peasant of the lower orders, himself a carpenter and the son of a carpenter, and quite devoid of any education except such as he would gather for himself from an assiduous study of the Old Testament, and from observation of the curiously-mingled society around him.

'Neither in the substance nor in the method of Jesus' teaching is there any thing which—always bearing in mind his inward endowments—we cannot explain by supposing a careful study of the Old Testament and a free social

intercourse with learned people, especially with the disciples of the three leading schools [Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes]: while, on the other hand, his originality, freshness, and freedom from every trace of school-pedantry, (such as stamps so unmistakably even the spiritual Apostle of the Gentiles,) render it probable that his development was still more independent of extrinsic aid even than that. And to this no circumstances could be more favorable than those of his Galilean home. The inhabitants of that region, it is well known, were—especially in the Northern parts—much mixed up with the heathen; as is plainly confessed in the epithet "Galilee of the Gentiles" (Matt. iv. 15, following Isaiah viii. 23). And since the province was, yet farther, cut off by the whole breadth of Samaria from the proudly orthodox Judea, its natives were looked down upon as of little worth, and not regarded as Jews in the strict sense of the word. Yet these very untoward circumstances might contribute all the better to the formation of a free religious character.' (P. 194.)

Indeed the circumstances in question were themselves—as Strauss takes great pains to make us understand—the fruits of a long preparation in antecedent history.

'I know not whether any supernatural origin that men may ascribe to Christianity can really do it more honour, than is done by history—in proving how it is the ripe fruit of all the best growths in every branch of the human family. Never would Christianity (we may safely say) have become the religion of the West as well as of the East—nay, have remained in the end more peculiarly a Western faith—if it had not, from the very first, breathed a Western as well as an Eastern, a Græco-Roman as well as a Jewish spirit. Israel must first be brayed in the mortar, the Jewish people must first by repeated captivities be scattered among the heathen, that so the irrigating streams of foreign thought might be conducted by many a channel upon the mother soil, ere it could be fecundated so far as to produce from its bosom such a harvest as Christianity. And above all, a marriage of the East and the West must take place by the conquests of the great Macedonian hero, and a bride-bed (as it were) be laid in Alexandria, before any such appearance as that of Christianity could be thought of. Had there been no Alexander for a forerunner, Christ could not have come. This may sound a hard saying for theological ears. But directly we become convinced that even the Hero has a divine mission, it loses all its offensiveness. . . . Thus we see, as it were, two converging lines, each lengthening itself by inner forces of its own, yet each destined at last to meet in that one point which should become the birthplace of the new religion. And would we express in one short formula the law of these two appar-

ently opposing yet really co-operating forces, we may put it thus: Judea, in all the stages of its history, sought God; Greece sought man.' (P. 167.)

No one who remembers Mr Gladstone's eloquent expansion of this thought, in his late farewell speech at Edinburgh, needs to be reminded that all this is thoroughly Christian and even Churchman-like. Nay, to deny it would be downright heresy. For it is taught in every Catechism and Manual of Church History; it is stated in plain terms by the deepest thinkers of antiquity; and it is itself the direct fulfilment of many a noble passage of Hebrew prophecy, which shrinks not from giving a divine mission to a Cyrus, a Melchizedek, a Jethro, a Job, a Hazael, a Nebuchadnezzar, and looks forward gladly to the day when 'Israel shall be the third with Egypt and with Assyria: whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance.' (Isaiah xix. 24.)

With the exception of these few facts, however, in the early life of Jesus, Strauss finds nothing very trustworthy until we arrive at his baptism by John. At this point his real history begins. That he was baptised by John, and remained with him for a short time, there can be no reasonable doubt. But John, like the hermit Banus, at a later period, to judge from the descriptions of both given by Josephus, was a sort of independent Essene, whose rigorous asceticism and rugged reproachful method of address soon became distasteful to one of so cheerful and social, of so courteous and merciful a temper as Jesus. Still the aim of both was the same, though their methods were different. 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;' was the voice which resounded in the wilderness among the crowds of excited and expectant Jews. And it meant (says Strauss) nothing more or less than this: that the Messiah was about to appear, but that his appearing would bring good only to those whose hearts were preparing for his coming; while to the rest he would be like a winnowing fan, separating the chaff for the burning (p. 189).

Now all this, again, is precisely what the Church has always taught. And if she has chosen to clothe her statement of it in words culled from Isaiah and Malachi, we really do not see how it makes any difference in the facts. The facts remain—so far as we can understand—uncontested: that John the Baptist was, in plain words, a forerunner of the Messiah; that, unlike all his con-

temporaries, he was inspired with the idea that the true preparation for him was, not the purchasing of daggers or the broadening of phylacteries, but the conversion of the heart; and that while he was thus foremost among the files of the Jewish prophets, still he was less clear in his assurance that Jesus was that Messiah, and more open to offence at his new methods of procedure, than the least of those who had actually attached themselves to his person. Add to all this—what seems likewise allowed—that he actually foretold what soon after came to pass: viz. that those who rejected the Messiah would be utterly and fearfully destroyed, while the remnant that accepted him would form the germ of a great future organization, subject in some way to his sovereignty; and we really do not know what Churchmen could ask for more from Mr. Strauss.

The next scene acknowledged to belong to the genuine history of Jesus is his Galilean ministry; the duration of which could not have been more than a few years, for even Tacitus (*Annals*, xv. 44) places his crucifixion under Pontius Pilate, whose procuratorship ended A.D. 36. During these few years, and with the means at his command which have been already described, it somehow or other came to pass that this Galilean carpenter made such an impression on his contemporaries, that they almost unanimously hoped, or feared, he was the Messiah; that they came to attribute to him the most astonishing miracles: that, so far from being brought to their senses by his crucifixion, they got it into their heads that he was risen from the dead, and had conversed, walked, and eaten with several of those who had known him best before; nay, that on subsequent reflection they felt nothing could possibly account for his greatness short of some theory which made him positively divine,—a theory for which they found no precedent of authority whatever in Judaism, but were obliged to shape it by the help of Alexandrian Platonism, whose line of thought converged exactly at the right moment upon that precise spot. Yet we are constantly reminded, it was with the most consummate wisdom and genius (to say the least) that Jesus managed to produce these results. The Messiah of the popular imagination was no Man of Sorrows meekly riding on an ass; but a warrior, a good hater of the Romans, a zealot like Judas the Gualonite. He was to be no 'Son of Man,' but a 'Son of God,'—a human hero, that is, like David and Solomon of old; armed with God's fury and God's arrows against

the heathen, who had run up such a score of vengeance in captivities, taxations and oppressions of all sorts upon Jehovah's favourites, that it was a perfect marvel — under which none but a cold-blooded Sadducee could sit still — that the crack of doom was delayed so intolerably long. Amid such an atmosphere as this it was that Jesus had to work; and out of this red-hot seething mass of Jewish fanaticism, by a — we must not say 'divine:' let us say — *skilful* blow, to forge the Christian Church. Let us see how he went to work.

'It is the life of a wandering teacher that the Evangelists with one consent attribute to Jesus. Capernaum, the home of his favourite disciples, was indeed his frequent resort: but for the most part he traversed the country attended by a company of trusted disciples and of women who provided for the wants of the society out of their own resources.' (P. 243.) 'That Jesus as a teacher made an overpowering, and upon sympathising souls an ineffaceable, impression, is not only told us by the Evangelists, but is ratified by the historical results. He was no Rabbi. He taught not as the Scribes. With logical artifices he had nothing to do; but only with the word that smites conviction by its own intrinsic truth. Hence in his Gospels that rich collection of sentences or maxims, of terse and pregnant sayings which, apart from their religious worth, are for their clear spiritual insight and for their straight unerring aim so beyond all price. "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's," &c., — these are imperishable sayings: because in them truths, that experience is ever ratifying afresh, are clothed in a form which is at the same time precisely expressive and also universally intelligible.' (P. 253.) 'The consciousness of a Prophetic mission arose in him before that of his Messiahship. Or rather we may well conceive that Jesus, while himself clear upon the point, chose in speaking to others an expression [Son of man] which was not yet in vogue as a title for the Messiah. Thus he avoided imposing upon his disciples and the people a mere authoritative belief in his Messiahship, but allowed it to grow up spontaneously from within. . . . The more so, as he found reason to fear that by giving himself out at once for the Messiah he should wake up all those political hopes, which bore a sense diametrically opposite to that in which alone he would consent to be Messiah.' (P. 227.) 'Meanwhile, however much Jesus might decline any corporeal miracles, do them he must — according to the ideas of that time — whether he would or no. So soon as ever he was held to be a Prophet, at once he was credited with miraculous powers: and no sooner was he credited with them, than they were sure to appear in reality. It were strange if, among the crowds that approached to touch his garments wherever he came, none found a cure or an alleviation of his disease from an excited imagi-

nation or from a strong sensuo-spiritual impression. And the cure was then attributed to the wonder-working power of Jesus.' (P. 265.)

For ourselves, we are content with such admissions as these from the greatest living master of the modern destructive criticism. No one in his senses, who is not the victim of some preconceived idea, can possibly go so far as this, and not soon be compelled to go a good deal farther. He may not indeed be able to embrace — until, at least, he understands their real meaning — the barbarisms that have been bequeathed to us by the scholastic philosophy. He may disdain to pronounce aright the Shibboleth of a mere Latin orthodoxy, entangled in dry legalisms, stupefied with forensic fictions, and catholic in nothing but the name. He may not picture heaven and earth to his imagination as they once were pictured, or conceive of Christian miracles in the childish way which M. Renan supposes to be the only one the Church allows, viz. as 'special interventions, like that of a clock-maker putting his finger in, to remedy the defects of his wheels.' (*Apôtres*, p. xlvii.) He may have seen, in short, that the lessons of the Bible and of Theology are learnt, like all other really effective lessons, in an order which is educational rather than philosophical; and that the true order of thought reverses the order of the lesson-book. But that very enfranchisement of his mind from the preconceptions of the nursery renders him less willing to be bound by the mere dogmas of the lecture-room. And unless he is content meekly to stop short just where Strauss has drawn the line, at a conception of 'a mere individual genius, designed (when fuel enough has been collected) to apply the enkindling spark' (p. 167); or immures his thought within some Hegelian pantheism, that (like the witch of Endor) conjures up gods out of the earth, instead of bringing down God from heaven; he will not be warned off from the yet farther and deeper inquiry, 'who then designed' all these converging lines? and whence came that clear unerring mind, that pure and guileless spirit, which, in Christ the 'corner-stone,' completed all, gave a meaning to all, and by the master-stroke of a few years' work in long-prepared Galilee created Christendom?

These are the points which it really concerns us to know. And they are points upon which the bewildered philosophy of MM. Strauss and Renan has absolutely no answer to give. For they cannot surely mean to tell us that Christ is only the ultimate development of forces latent in the

mushroom and the sponge: that he is the product of an unconscious series, pushing outwards towards consciousness and rationality; a series calculated by no pre-existing Mind, a product brooded over by no life-giving spirit. Why, the very sponge and the mushroom, the ichthyosaurus and the plants of the coal-measures, the light of the nebulae and the serial law itself, all reveal a Reason human in quality, but ante-human in time, and super-human in degree, and presenting not the slightest indications of development or change of any sort. Now this all-embracing and changeless Reason is what Theology means by God: and the arrangements by which, at crossing-places in their orbits, man's world is met and illumined by phenomena belonging to another zone, and moving in another plane, are what she terms Miracles. And knowing, as we do, nothing whatever about God, except what He pleases to reveal to us, — and impotent as our imagination is (by the very laws of its nature) to project any sane conception of God upon its mirror, except under a personal form, — when we find a point in history at which a Person stands, who 'shines out as a thoroughly and intrinsically lovely nature, who needed only to unfold himself from himself, to grow to greater consciousness of himself, greater confidence in himself, with no need for change of aim, no need of self-correction' (*Strauss*, p. 208); and when we know, from nineteen centuries' experience, how the spirit of this single Person has poured through all the veins of human society a fresh and vital force, given hope to publicans and sinners of all time, redeemed men's souls from the swine-troughs of sense, and shown for once the highest ideal of man clothed in actual flesh and blood, — we challenge any one to produce a more rational theory about this Person than that which has obtained currency in the Christian Church; or to point out any bar which a mature and philosophical conception of God presents against regarding this unique Person as an incarnation of the Divine Reason upon earth. For all that is required to be conceded, in order to stamp this conception with perfect credibility, is that Pantheism be false and Theism true: in other words, that the distinction between moral good and moral evil be held a real one; and that the convergence of all the lines of history to produce a human conductor of heaven's light and life to earth has been the work of a conscious Reason, and not of a mere blind force which explains nothing, rather begs humbly for explanation itself.

How then do these writers manage to

escape a — to them — wholly undesired conclusion? They have invented two devices, two loopholes, the most extraordinary and unscientific (as it appears to us), that ever were proclaimed in the name of science as breaches in the fortress of religion. And these loopholes they labour, by every manœuvre in their power, incessantly to enlarge. Reason having tried her utmost against Christianity in vain, the assault is now to be attempted through the imagination. And while the ridicule is unsparing which, in his earlier work, Strauss heaped on the worn-out methods of the rationalists, we may safely predict that the time is not far distant when the same measure will be as deservedly meted out to himself, and to M. Renan, who is mainly responsible for the second of the two remarkable arguments we are about to describe.

Everyone is perfectly aware that by the laws of our imagination, every scene which is impressed upon the retina of our eye, every sound which is carried through the nerves of the ear, receives a colour, shape and meaning, from the living and personal qualities of the recipient. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. A living human brain is not like a dead sheet of paper, which passively receives and helplessly retains everything that may happen to be marked upon it. It is only by a process of selection and grouping, in accordance with habits and qualities given by education and nature, that coherent images are formed and sane conceptions engendered. If anyone doubt this, let him only watch the spontaneous effort of his mind, when some object presents itself in the dusk or in the distance, to mould it into an intelligible shape, and he will catch himself (as it were) in the very act of conception. The colour, the outline, the motion, the top part, the bottom part, will be spontaneously selected for attention; and some person previously known, some hobgoblin previously believed in, some animal thought likely to be there, will be created out of the impressions given, and be projected without a moment's delay upon the imagination. Now this, which in its proper proportions is a scientific truth, is seized upon by Mr. Strauss, exaggerated into the most enormous and grotesque extravagance, and then employed as an engine to overthrow the truth of Christianity. The Jewish mind (he says) in the first century was full of Old Testament ideas. The Prophets and the Mosaic law had so far educated the nation, that they had supplied them with a whole series of types and forms of thought. So that when Jesus of Nazareth appeared,

and especially after his abrupt and violent death, the events of those few pregnant years threw themselves into the shapes for which Judaism had prepared men's minds, but which in fact had no reality, and for which this preparation had been quite fortuitous. Need we point out, once more, the strange discovery which Strauss here makes of his essential, though unconscious orthodoxy? The slightest violence done to the surface of the philosopher reveals the doctor of divinity within. For every word of this, so far as it is affirmative and not negative, is precisely the doctrine of the Catholic Church from the beginning. It is the denials only that she denies. It is the negations which she thinks are difficult to prove. Nor has Strauss succeeded in proving them, unless, as before, Hegelianism be allowed to have blotted out a conscious God from history. All he has done is, to caricature the old church theory by a ludicrous exaggeration; and to conjecture, among the Jews at that time, such an inflamed condition of the function above described, as to transcend all likelihood and all nature, and to generate Christendom out of a nation of lunatics. For what mental condition short of lunacy could have argued, as Strauss supposes the Apostles to have argued, 'The Old Testament represents Christ as doing such and such things; therefore, although we neither heard nor saw anything of the sort, he did them.'

'But,' replies Strauss, 'we have no notion how the Apostles argued or what they said; for all our accounts are at second hand. Mark and Luke are confessedly so; and Matthew is a translated and expanded work, on the basis of Matthew's genuine collection of discourses; while John is a wholly fictitious gospel, due to some one well versed in the Alexandrian philosophy about the middle of the second century.' Now, without entering into all the perplexed detail of gospel criticism, let the reader simply recollect the following facts, and he will be in a position to judge whether we can depend upon the New Testament or not. Irenæus and Tertullian were two writers in the last quarter of the second century; the former had spent his youth among the churches of Asia Minor, and had migrated among the Christians of Gaul; the latter was a presbyter in the Latin Church of North Africa. Both were strong traditionalists; and both distinctly appeal to the four canonical gospels by name. But would churches so widely remote as those of Smyrna, Carthage, and Lyons, with one accord receive as Scripture four books which

were only a few years old? And besides, Irenæus had been in his youth a companion of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. Is it credible than St. John's Gospel could have been received by him if it had been never heard of till A.D. 150? Moreover, about A.D. 150, Celsus quotes both the synoptical gospels and St. John, and says, 'all this I have taken out of your own Scriptures.' About the same date, Theophilus and Tatian both constructed a Harmony of the Four Gospels; and ten years earlier still, Justin Martyr speaks of gospels written by the Apostles and their companions; meaning, there can surely be little question, the four as we now have them. Twenty years before that, Polycarp uses St. Matthew, and quotes the First Epistle of St. John, which is allowed on all hands to be (under any supposition) by the same author as the Gospel. And about the same period, Papias, a bishop in Asia Minor, who tells us he took particular pains to collect oral information from survivors who had known the Apostles, describes how Matthew wrote originally in Hebrew, and how Mark drew his materials from St. Peter. The passage is but a fragment preserved in Eusebius, so that no sound argument against St. John can be drawn *ex silentio*, any more than against St. Paul or St. Luke. Thus we are brought down to about A.D. 100, without a trace of any conciliar action, or of any controversy on the subject which cannot easily be explained. The Church emerges from the first century with the sacred book of the four Gospels in her hand. The very earliest apocryphal gospels only attempt to fill up the blanks in their narrative, and never give a competing account. The most ancient of all was held by Jerome, who translated it, to be the Hebrew original of St. Matthew. The Montanists, in their wildest hatred of St. John's Gospel, could only attribute it to his contemporary Cerinthus. And every recent discovery, such as the missing end of the Clementine Homilies (containing a quotation from St. John), and the original Greek of Barnabas (giving St. Matthew's Gospel the honourable title of 'Scripture'), only tends to corroborate the proof; that we have in the four Gospels the primitive records of Christianity, and a trustworthy means for understanding what the mind and the preaching of the Apostles really were.* And if so, we repeat the supposition that the healthiest, simplest, and

* This argument is well drawn out in Tischendorf's pamphlet, 'Wann wurden unsere Evangelien verfasst?'

sanest form of religion the world has ever seen, should have taken its rise from such a hot bed of fatuity and insanity as Strauss would have us believe appears to us to make greater demands by far upon our credulity than the hypothesis it is invented to supersede; and to be fitly suspended upon the following sentence, written for a very different purpose: — 'There are things which do not, indeed, like miracles, contravene the laws of nature, but which contradict historical probability; that is, are easier to conceive of as imaginary than as true.' (Strauss, p. 402.)

The second loophole by which these writers, and especially M. Renan, endeavour to escape from the necessity of believing the testimony of the Evangelists, belongs to the same class of arguments. The object, in both cases alike, is to maintain the Pantheistic against the Theistic view of history; and to elude the recognition of what Theology (in its popular language) calls 'the finger of God' in Christianity, by showing that it can be accounted for by causes which are well within the narrow horizon of our own experience. Little indeed would be gained by success. For a god Pan, who developed himself in such a blundering and ridiculous way as is here supposed, would quickly set people thinking whether he were a god at all; or did not need some better interpreters, at least, who would credit him with an honest walk and conversation along the highroad of Nature and Health, instead of tracking his cloven footsteps among the devious by-ways of disease. It would be an ill exchange, if we were to give up the supernatural Christ for an infranatural one; and, to retort Hume's argument upon himself, it is far more consonant to probability that philosophers should err, than that the world should have been regenerated by myth-bewildered fishermen and hysterical Magdalens, while God was (as it were) asleep, and suffered disease and error to steal a march upon Him, for the endless benefit of the human race.

Yet such is, in plain words, the theory of M. Renan. 'The formation of Christendom,' says he, 'is the greatest event in the religious history of the world.' But only a few pages farther on we read,

'The glory of the Resurrection belongs then to Mary Magdalene. Next to Jesus, it is she who has done the most for the founding of Christendom. The shadow created by the delicate senses of the Magdalen hovers still above the world. Queen and patron of idealists, she above all others has known how to make her dream a reality and to impose on all men the sacred vision of her impassioned soul. Her grand af-

firmation of the woman's heart, "He is risen!" has been the basis of the world's faith. Get thee gone then, impotent Reason! Presume not to apply thy cold analysis to this master-work of idealism and of love. If Philosophy gives up the attempt to console this poor race of men, betrayed by fate, let madness approach and put her hand to the task. Where is the sage who has ever given such joy to the world, as the possessed woman — Mary of Magdala?' (Apôtres, p. 13.)

If we had not the page lying open before us, it would seem positively incredible that a man of such mental and moral qualities as M. Renan possesses, should be so far the victim of a foregone conclusion as to think this a rational explanation of the literary and historical phenomena of our Lord's Resurrection. Yet after an interval of three years for reflection, this expansion of the hint given in his earlier volume, this revived embodiment of the long-buried calumny of Celsus,* — still seems to this almost-Christian, who, unlike his own Magdalen, loves yet cannot believe in Christ, worth putting down on paper as a sufficient solution of the problem! In Strauss, a person of colder and more masculine temperament, we are prepared for anything. The dissecting knife is for ever in his hands. And he cannot even put together again 'for the German people' the *disjecta membra* of their Christ, without perpetually flourishing his favourite weapon, and making a surgical demonstration of every member in detail. The consequence is, they will not believe that a Christ so put together can be alive. M. Renan, on the other hand, presents to his countrymen a thoroughly living and to them, it seems, conceivable Christ. But, alas! — we hope we shall be pardoned, for it cannot be otherwise expressed — his Jesus is a French mesmerist, and his Magdalens and Maries may be met with any day, in all their gushing and sentimental beauty, kneeling in Notre Dame, or walking on pilgrimage to the wonder-working Lady of La Salette. No wonder that such a 'fifth Gospel, of sentiment and hallucination should meet with little acceptance on this more prosaic side of the Channel! No wonder that a drama, in which figures take their part that have assuredly never lived in the flesh, but only in French prints or in the waxwork of a convent chapel, should be rejected with disdain by the practical and sober Englishman! No wonder that, in spite of the fascination of its style, the candour and lucidity of its argumentation, and the extreme

* Cf. Origen c. Celsum, li. 55.

interest and value of its historical sketches — especially from the twelfth chapter onwards, where the victory of Christianity over Paganism is described — this second volume must be condemned as a greater theological failure even than the first; to be pardoned only for its important admissions of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel, of St. Luke's two books, and of the seven main Epistles of St. Paul, and for its heartfelt sympathy for all that is freest and noblest in the Christian ideas.

It is with feelings of great relief, therefore, that we turn from Strauss and Renan and open the now celebrated work of our own countryman, whoever he may be — the author of 'Ecce Homo.' There are few, probably, of our readers who are not already well acquainted with the book. For not only has it passed through five or six editions, but it has been reviewed in every periodical, been canvassed in every social circle, and been carried by the angry waves of controversy into unnumbered nooks and corners, whither in calmer weather it would assuredly have never found its way. The controversy, indeed, which it has occasioned, is quite as curious and interesting a phenomenon as the book itself, and highly instructive as to the present state of English theological opinion. Nor could we desire any plainer corroboration of the statement laid down at the beginning of this article, than is given by the exhibition that reviewers, quarterly or otherwise, seem to have been compelled to make of their true selves in presence of this graphic and admirable 'Survey of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ.' But on this subject we shall have more to say by and by. At present we wish simply to draw attention to the salient features of the work, and to show sufficient cause for our judgment that it is, without any exception, the most important contribution towards a restoration of belief that our own generation has seen.

Had not the grave closed over the once speaking eye and toiling brain of Robertson of Brighton, there is little doubt that this anonymous book would have been ascribed to him. For the calm and even march of its sentences and the balanced self-control of its bearing, even amid the hottest fire of controversy, does not wholly conceal the martial ardour which glows within; and there are many passages which reveal the scorn of a manly soul for Pharisaism whether of the first or of the nineteenth century, and which indicate abundant vigour to chastise it. There is, too, the same unflinching determination to push through all the cloud

of skirmishing polemics, and to arrive at the heart of the question; the same stern resolve to crush the shell of dogma and release the vital term of truth; the same earnest loyalty to Christ, and even to his Church, — which gave to Robertson such wonderful power, and have spread his fragmentary 'Sermons' wherever the English language is spoken. Perhaps our countrymen are, in theology as well as in other things, suspicious of an over-completeness. And therefore the fragmentary condition and tentative attitude of 'Ecce Homo,' too, may have contributed to its wide influence. At any rate, we hold ourselves justified in saying that in this book — incomplete, undramatic, and not very critical, as it confessedly is — we have the English 'Life of Jesus,' thoroughly adapted to, and characteristic of, the country whence it sprang; and not only worthy of comparison with the more scientific and more histrionic works which have proceeded from Germany and France, but distinctly taking the lead of them in point of successful handling of the question.

That question is: What was the origin of Christianity? Was it human or divine? Was Jesus Christ a great genius, or the Son of God? Now, in the solution of this question, everything depends — as we said before — on the avenue by which it is approached. Germany has chosen to approach it by the Reason; and entangled at the very outset in an infinite multitude of knotty critical details, has never been able to advance one step; till Strauss, with his rash sword of 'the Mythical hypothesis,' at length hewed the whole subject into pieces, and left it incoherent and useless for all the practical wants of men. France, on the other hand, has approached it on the side of Imagination; and shrinking from the infinitesimal detail of critical labour, has — perhaps with over-haste — grasped at results, and arranged those results by the aid of a totally fallacious canon, viz. that beauty of form is some guarantee for truth of fact. It was reserved for England to make her approaches on the Moral side and to show how, seizing the clue laid down by the Founder of Christianity himself, it was possible to advance at once into the very centre of the labyrinth, to grasp there at one view, not indeed all the details, but the broad grouping of those details and their relative importance to the question and to each other, and from thence, with the tranquil vigour which such a position always inspires, to proceed at leisure and with perfect security to the gradual un-

ravelling of the interesting matters that surround the main question in dispute. Thus 'Ecce Homo' could hardly hope to escape the charge of being an incomplete work. Its incompleteness is its glory. It is not so much a new work as a new method. And a new method is what mankind have long been groaning for: not a mere negative method, such as Strauss thinks good enough, but a positive one which shall lead to a rational tranquillity, and show them how to ride at anchor through the storms of modern doubt and disbelief.

Accordingly the author of this book — seizing his clue — plunges at once *in medias res*. His critical introduction occupies twelve lines; or rather, is no introduction at all, for it occurs at the beginning of chapter v. Whereas Strauss's 'Einleitung' fills no less than 162 pages of closely-packed German type; and Renan's 'Critique des documents originaux' demands 64 octavo pages. For this he makes no apology. It is part of his method, which he trusts his readers and reviewers will have wit enough to understand, to take these questions last, instead of first; and therefore to delay them till the appearance of the second volume. He acknowledges that. 'What is now published is a fragment. No theological questions whatever are here discussed. Christ, as the creator of modern theology and religion, will form the subject of another volume.' And accordingly,

'In defining the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn from the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground. . . . The account we have of these miracles may be exaggerated; it is possible that in some special cases stories have been related which have no foundation whatever; but, on the whole, miracles play so important a part in Christ's scheme, that any theory which would represent them as entirely due to the imagination of his followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents, not partially but wholly, and leaves Christ as mythical a personage as Hercules. Now the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character these biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether be-

yond the reach of invention both by individual genius and still more by what is called the "consciousness of an age." Now if the character depicted in the Gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and, if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life.' (*Ecce Homo*, p. 41.)

In these last words we have the key to the whole book. The author's plan is here distinctly revealed. It is not his intention to begin by discussing miracles or the trustworthiness of the Gospels in detail, and so to hew his way (like a traveller through the tangled growths of a South American forest) to a conviction about Christ. Such a course seems to him, as it does to us, and as experience has abundantly proved it to be, impossible. He chooses the reverse course. Postulating only, in the broadest sense, the general trustworthiness of the only record we possess, he is prepared to evoke from that record, fairly and sensibly handled, a moral conviction of the purity and grandeur of Christ's character, such as shall rise like daylight upon the scene and flood the crannies and the crevices of groping criticism with heathful sunbeams. And nobly has he fulfilled his purpose. Limiting the area of his investigation strictly to the Ministry of Christ, he describes in the first five chapters the object and ideal of that ministry as it existed in Christ's own mind; and proceeds in his remaining chapters to show how that ideal became actually realised in historical fact by the consummate practical wisdom of that same incomparable mind. Chapter vi. opens thus:—

'The first step in our investigation is now taken. We have considered the Christian Church in its idea, that is to say, as it existed in the mind of its founder and before it was realised. Our task will now become more historical and will deal with the actual establishments of the new Theocracy. . . . The founder's plan was simply this, to renew in a form adapted to the new time that divine Society of which the Old Testament contains the history. The essential features of that ancient Theocracy were: (1) The Divine Call and Election of Abraham; (2) the Divine Legislation given to the nation through Moses; (3) the personal relation and responsibility of every individual member of the Theocracy to its Invisible King. As the new Theocracy was to be the counterpart of the old, it was to be expected that these three features would be reflected in it.' (P. 52.)

Yet—strange, at first sight, to say—while the first of these three features occupies our author during the four succeeding chapters, and the second during the thirteen chapters that follow, just when our attention and interest are raised to the highest pitch, and we are preparing ourselves for a full discussion of the third and most decisive question of all—the book abruptly closes. The nature of Christ's sovereignty and of his personal relations to the Church has never received any discussion at all; though the fact of his making royal claims has been often incidentally touched upon. How is this? Has the author forgotten his plan? Or rather, have we not, in this abrupt fracture, the intrinsic quality, not only of the fragment which is now in our hands, but also of the whole work in its future completeness, revealed? It appears to us beyond all reasonable doubt, that the alarms and lamentations which have so loudly resounded from the orthodox side over this book are wholly ill-timed and uncalled for. Everything indicates that he has not rashly taken pen in hand, before having made up his own mind. Everything points to the conclusion, that 'the inquiry which proved serviceable to himself' proved so by convincing him that the faith of his childhood was a reasonable one, and that the homage he had once paid to Christ need not on farther investigation of his claims, be withdrawn. We need only call attention to such passages as the following:—

'We have found Christ undertaking . . . to occupy a personal relation of Judge and Master to every man, such as in the earlier Theocracy had been occupied by *Jehovah himself* without representation.' (P. 52.) 'Within the whole creation of God *nothing more elevated or more attractive* has yet been found than he,' (P. 52.) 'This enthusiasm, then, was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him who knows? The abyssal deeps of personality hide this secret. *It was the will of God to beget no second son like him.*' (P. 321.) 'What comfort Christ gave men . . . by offering to them new views of the Power by which the world is governed, by *his own triumph over death*, and by his revelation of eternity, will be the subject of another treatise.' (P. 323.) 'The achievement of Christ, in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. . . . If in the works of Nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. . . . Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the

symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of Civil Society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, "The Holy Ghost fell on them that believed." No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; *it descended out of heaven from God.*' (P. 330.)

With this striking passage our author concludes the present instalment of his work. He has endeavoured to show, and we think he has succeeded in showing, that taking the life of Jesus only in its broadest features, in the mass and not in detail, in those general outlines which must be allowed to belong to it, if we are supposed to know anything about it at all, nothing more is required than a fearless mental freedom and an unclouded moral appreciation, in order to arrive at a profound and tranquil conviction that he is our souls' rightful Lord and King, and—as we cannot hesitate to add by anticipation—in some true sense 'Divine.' And in following him step by step in this truly charitable work at a time of doubt like our own, we pity—far more even than the robbed and half-dead traveller—the supercilious passer-by who sees no need of the oil or wine, has no heart to praise, no intelligence to understand, the saving efforts,—nay, spurns the very flask beneath his priestly feet because there is something suspicious about its shape. Yet what has the author done? He has simply translated the dead formulæ of orthodoxy into the living language of modern thought and of men of the world. That is to say, he has presented Christianity in the only shape in which men will receive it at the present day, and in which alone it can effect the redemption and conversion of their souls. He has dared to call charity the 'enthusiasm of humanity'; he has dared to describe the regenerating mission of the Christian Church as 'the improvement of morality'; he has ventured to change the salvation of souls into their 'restoration to moral health'; to speak of the Holy Spirit as 'the Spirit of Holiness,' and of the sacramental means of grace as 'sacred rites,' 'essential conditions of membership,' symbols of that 'intense personal devotion, that habitual feeding on the character of Christ,' without which 'the health of the soul' cannot be regained; and all this he has done with imperfections, with occasional (though very slight) exaggerations, and with a few (though very glaring) defects of good taste. Yet when all has been said,

what are these crimes — if crimes they be — compared to the merit of having penned the following noble passage: —

'We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ who was called the friend of publicans and sinners should be represented as the pitiless enemy of seekers after truth.' (P. 72.)

Cannot the unpardonable sin of certain contemptuous expressions about 'little-minded and vexatious prohibitions,' 'spasmodic efforts to kindle feeling,' 'a hollow, poor, and sickly Christianity,' be forgiven for the sake of so truly evangelical a passage as this: —

'Justice is often but a form of pedantry, mercy mere easiness of temper, courage a mere firmness of physical constitution; but if these virtues are genuine, then they indicate not goodness merely but goodness considerably developed. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good whether their good qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in Faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will place him above many that practise virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith.' (P. 66.)

And yet once more, might not an occasional rebuke of Churchmen's besetting sins be atoned for by such a noble conception of the Christian Church as this: —

'However impossible it may seem, this speculation of a commonwealth developed from first principles has been realised on a grand scale. It stands in history among other states; it subsists in the midst of other states, connected with them and yet distinct. Though so refined and philosophic in its constitution, it has not less

vigour than the states which are founded on the relations of family, or language, or the convenience of self-defence and trade. Not less vigour, and certainly far more vitality. It has already long outlasted all the states which were existing at the time of its foundation; it numbers far more citizens than any of the states which it has seen spring up near it. It subsists without the help of costly armaments; resting on no accidental aid or physical support, but on an inherent immortality, it defied the enmity of ancient civilization, the brutality of mediæval barbarism, and under the present universal empire of public opinion it is so secure that even those parts of it seem indestructible which deserve to die.' (P. 325.)

But no; nothing, it appears, can atone, in the judgment of dogmatists, for not arriving at dogma in the authorised way. Health is nothing. The nostrum is everything. And, like Molière's physician, these doctors would rather see the patient die *selon les règles* than recover by a process that outraged all that was customary. Unless this author will consent, not only in his future volume and at a more mature stage of his argument, but now, on the spot, and at the word of command, — whether or not it ruin his plan, and threaten *vivendi causâ vivendi perdere causas*, — to utter the recognised formulae of orthodoxy, he shall not be allowed to pass muster. Not the mispronounced word, but the unpronounced word, is to be his condemnation. Hew him down! 'The Lord will know his own.' We do not exaggerate. We repeat, and are prepared to prove, that the way in which this book has been in certain quarters reviewed, reflects the deepest disgrace on the writers, and displays, in a shape which it would be superfluous to caricature, the almost hopeless senility of modern 'orthodoxy.' We are unwilling to drop for a moment the usual periphrases of courtesy; but indignation compels us to pronounce the words, that the two main offenders against the first principles of fair-play and Christian toleration are the 'Quarterly Review' and Mr. Spurgeon. Will it be believed, that a supercilious critic who complains of 'ignorance' should be ignorant that St. John i. 17 does not contain the words of the Baptist? that one who charges others with 'defiance of elementary principles which are familiar to children and peasants,' should state that a church of which the ultimate object was the improvement of morality [the equivalent in 'Ecce Homo' for the 'saving of men's souls'] would not be Christian but infidel? And that this staunch *malleus hæreticorum* should himself fall into the fol-

lowing deadly heresy, 'The doctrine that He who was perfect God and perfect man could admit the idea of taking wrongful courses, that He could entertain the Temptation for a moment if it arose . . . is only consistent with some of the lower grades of Socinianism'? * And yet once more, is it credible that 'The Sword and Trowel,' edited by Mr. Spurgeon, to represent (we may presume) Dissenting principles of freedom and toleration, should in one breath describe the writer as 'no blasphemer of the Lord Jesus, but a warm admirer of the self-denying love of the Man of Sorrows,' as 'not denying miracles, nor impugning even the Deity of Christ,' as 'clearly seeing that Christ's kingdom is spiritual . . . and its principles in the highest degree promotive of freedom, philanthropy, brotherhood, and progress,' and then turn round upon him with the most vulgar vituperation: 'if this treatise be the production of a minister of any denomination of Evangelical Christians, he ought, if he has even half as much honesty as any ordinary thief, to resign his position at once'? †

For such a reception as this, in such quarters, we do not think the author of 'Ecce Homo' could have been prepared; nor yet for the singular inability of a great Roman Catholic writer in 'The Month' to perceive that 'to exhibit some sides of Christianity and not others,' ‡ which he holds to be 'the main fault of the author,' is precisely an essential part of his plan. To have his noble and truthful work characterised by a philanthropical earl as 'the most pestilential work that was ever vomited out of the jaws of hell,' must have cost him far less surprise and far less pain. Nor has he met with better usage at the hands of the opposite party. The critics who have exercised their ingenuity on 'Ecce Homo,' in the 'Westminster Review' and in 'Fraser's Magazine,' are evidently not men who would be alarmed at any want of orthodoxy; but we must be permitted to say that they have entirely failed to apprehend the scope of the work, and that their objections apply to that which the author of it certainly never intended his book to be. But whether received with vituperation or with misunderstanding, whether pertinaciously censured as if complete when it proclaims itself incessantly to be 'a fragment,' whether scorned by unbelievers, rejected by believers, or neglected by men of the world, — the author may at least take comfort from the reflec-

tion, which every day's experience must make more clear, that he is at least understood by those for whose especial benefit he has been labouring, has kindled faith afresh in many a wavering soul, and inspired with that love of Christ which saves and redeems men, many a heart that could find no beauty in dead formulæ and no rest in barren 'Evidences.' From such thoughts he may well draw lessons of thankful tranquillity and content, and find courage to prosecute his fruitful studies in peace. For 'no greater subject can in our own day employ any man's noblest energies than preservation or renewal of the truth of God, — not fettered overmuch by the human accidents of our ancestors in the faith, yet with reverential tenderness even for these.' *

From the Intellectual Observer.

ANIMAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY H. CHICHESTER, ESQ.

ALTHOUGH narratives of travel and of sporting adventure in Africa have of late become so numerous, the amount of information to be acquired through their medium respecting the peculiarities of the animal world in these regions, still beyond doubt the finest game countries of the older continent, is (with one or two exceptions) scanty indeed. We propose in the following pages to notice a few among the many points thus generally overlooked.

Commencing with the hugest specimen of nature's handiwork, the elephant, we have generally found two curious points overlooked or ignored by writers — one is the rapid and noiseless movements of this animal in the thickest cover; the other, his capabilities of passing over ground for him apparently utterly unfeasible. The elastic noiseless footfall of the elephant has been frequently referred to by writers on Indian subjects, and has been rightly asserted to be the most agreeable feature in journeying on elephant-back. This peculiarity may be easily explained by an examination of the structure of the animal's foot; but the silent stealthy way in which he will pass through the densest thicket, literally "slipping away," when his acute senses of smell or hearing warn him of danger, has been generally overlooked, and appears to us

* Quart. Rev.; April, 1866.

† Sword and Trowel; January, 1866.

‡ The Month; June, 1866.

* Williams' 'Rational God' s, p. 404.

somewhat difficult of explanation. Let anyone unskilled in the mysteries of "bush ranging," attempt to move even a few paces in an ordinary fox-covert without noise, and he will form some idea of the difficulties presented to the passage of so huge an animal as the elephant through the dense tangled undergrowth of a South African "bush." Yet that the animal, despite his enormous bulk, will "draw off," when within a few yards of his pursuer, without the slightest noise, and with the greatest rapidity, even in the thickest cover, is undeniable. We may, however, remark that this faculty or by whatever other term it may be described, is not peculiar to the elephant alone, for it has been observed to a marked extent in the moose or cariboo of North America.

Again, his powers of passing over difficult ground are often underrated even by hunters. When experiments were first made* in India in training elephants to draw the guns, it was observed with surprise that the animal's powers of ascending steep and rugged ground were far greater than had been anticipated. The gun, a light six-pounder, with which the trial was first made, was drawn up a slope so steep as to require the animal to crawl upon its foreknees, without hesitation. On the other hand, hampered by the gun and harness, the elephant (a small female) showed unusual dread of soft and swampy ground. In Africa, marshes do not seem to possess the same terror for these animals in their wild state, for if they offer tempting pools, however uncertain the footing may, be the elephants appear to find a track across them.† In the river courses too, deepened as they are by the torrent of the rainy season many yards below the surface of the surrounding country, and having banks nearly perpendicular, small shady pools close sheltered from the sun's rays, often remain in the hot season when the rest of the stream has disappeared, and to these, should no other way be open, may be found tracks of the animals, leaving no doubt they have reached the coveted water by slipping down on their posteriors. In what position the hinder legs are placed during this operation we cannot tell, but the "spoor" leaves

no doubt of its having been repeatedly adopted in places apparently inaccessible.

The elephants generally remain in the thickest part of the forest during day, making for the water, to which they often go long distances, shortly before midnight, and returning to cover some hours before dawn. We may here remark, that although these animals, owing no doubt to their acute sense of hearing and of scent, have never been surprised in a recumbent position, there is ample proof that the bulls at any rate, usually rest lying on their sides. The late Mr. Gordon Cumming was, we believe, the first to note this fact, which we can ourselves confirm. He remarked that the sides of the enormous ant heaps so common in this region, were apparently preferred, and that the ground was often distinctly marked with the impression of the under tusk as well as of the animal's body.

The influence of the particular tract of country in which they are found upon these animals, and the influence which they, in their turn, like all other living creatures, exercise on their habitat, should not escape a short notice.

On the borders of the Cape Colony and Natal, we find the few elephants that remain large in size, but with comparatively small tusks of inferior ivory. As we approach the equator, although food is far more plentiful, we find the animals smaller in size, having far larger tusks, the latter too being of an ivory far superior in hardness and closeness of grain. Indeed, although naturalists have not recognized more than one species of the African elephant, the varieties of ivory exported from the north, west, south-west, south-east coast, and the Cape, have each marked differences of quality by which they are easily recognizable. The animals in their turn, however, likewise affect the economy of the country they inhabit. The damage done even by a single elephant in a very short time to a patch of cultivated ground is truly frightful, and having been once seen, would lead one to imagine that when these animals are herded together in vast troops such as the one seen by Dr. Livingstone on the banks of the Zambesi, consisting of over eight hundred, covering an extent of two miles of country, their course would be marked by utter desolation. The havoc thus caused is not however perceptible, a fact which that observant traveller has attributed, no doubt rightly, to the care shown by the elephants in the selection of their food — a point, as he justly remarks, often overlooked in estimat-

* About thirty years ago by a committee of Indian Artillery officers. Elephants, we may remark, had been previously used in assisting the gun teams by pushing with their heads, and aiding with their trunks, and not by drawing in harness.

† Elephants, like the generality of wild animals, take the water readily and swim well. Even baboons, though unwilling to do so, will on emergencies, swim with strength and rapidity, although with a queer and somewhat ludicrous action.

ing the *quantity* of food required by the larger animals.

Again, all these animals, rhinoceri and hippopotami included, are, as M. Krapf observed, the true pioneers, "the real path-makers of the tropical forest, which without their tracks would be often utterly impenetrable to man." Further, these paths leading as they most frequently do, to water, are often the *only* open channels for the surface-flow of the heavy rainfalls, and thus materially contribute to the continuance of the water supply of the district, to the very existence of which they owe their formation. While the elephant does not thus destroy vegetation which would ruin the shelter which appears indispensable to him, on the other hand he directly assists the production of new growths by his habit of searching for the many succulent bulbs to be found below the surface of the soil in every open space.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, in whose time elephants were more plentiful in the neighbourhood of the colonial frontier, than they are at the present, described large patches of many acres each in extent, as being thus ploughed up to a depth of several inches by the tusks of the elephants in quest of roots and bulbs; thus doubtless bringing to the surface germs of a fresh vegetation which would otherwise lie dormant. It is curious to remark that Pliny was acquainted with this habit (generally overlooked by modern writers) and he describes the "indians" (?) as sowing their corn in the furrows thus provided for them by the elephants.

We have already alluded to the influence of locality on the size of the elephant, and the same remark appears to hold good with other animals. Many of the so-called varieties of antelope are asserted by Dr. Livingstone in a note to his last work to be but local variations of other species already known. The same remark applies to the carnivora; the varieties of lion, the yellow and black, as they are styled by the colonists, thus appear to be one and the same animal at different ages and under the influence of different localities; the darker colour coming with age, and the thickness of the coat and the shagginess of the mane being apparently in a great measure dependent on the nature of the cover frequented by the animal.

Mr. Frank Buckland, in his interesting *Curiosities of Natural History*, Second Series, relates two curious circumstances showing the subtle occult influences of locality on animals when in confinement. Animals

in travelling menageries, he informs us are, as a general rule, more healthy than those confined to one spot, as in the Regent's Park collection. This, too, is shown especially during gestation and parturition. Again, of several pairs of lions (from different places and kept always apart) which were successively placed in one particular cage in the Zoological Society's Collection, the lionesses in each case produced cubs with a singular malformation of the palate of the mouth, the cause being, it is needless to say, inexplicable.

We may here briefly refer to the effects instanced in the case of those two formidable foes of domestic animals the "fly," or tsetse, and the lung sickness or peripneumonia of South Africa, both of which appear so dependent on locality. The "tsetse" is a small active bee-like insect found in certain regions only, which sucks, in mosquito fashion, the blood of every creature it comes across. Its bite is harmless to man (even to the smallest children), to the mule, ass, and goat, to calves while sucking, and to all wild animals; yet it is certain death to the horse, ox, and dog; the symptoms, which last for months, pointing apparently to a strong poison introduced into the system. The localities in which this formidable pest is found are very circumscribed. Dr. Livingstone relates that although the south bank of the river Souta was a noted "fly" district, he found on the north bank the plague was unknown, the river being scarcely fifty yards wide, and tsetse being frequently carried across on the bodies of dead game by the natives.

Again, peripneumonia, known as "lung sickness" when it attacks the oxen, and "horse sickness" when it affects the horse, which is in fact the rinderpest of which we have of late had so much bitter experience, and which is equally fatal to domestic cattle and to the bovine antelopes and quaggas, appears unaccountably to be restricted to certain localities. In some parts of the Cape Colony there are very limited tracts of moderate elevation which appear to procure for horses while kept there a perfect immunity from the attacks of the disease from which they have acquired from the Dutch the name "Paarden bergen," or horse hills.* They appear to possess no

* There are certain localities in India which appear to be similarly endued in respect to cholera. These have long been known to the natives who suppose them to be under the protection of a "swamy," or deity. The credit of *first* having called attention to these spots, we believe belongs to Colonel Haley, H. M. 108th Regiment, who has recently referred to them in the *United Service Magazine*.

peculiarities of soil, vegetation, elevation, or climate to distinguish them from other spots around, and the cause of the immunity they enjoy remains as obscure as when it was noticed by the Dutch traveller Sparmann a century ago.*

A remarkable instance of the influence of the animal on the vegetable world, occurs in the migrations of game which annually takes place, from the desert towards the Cape Colony and Natal. In some cases these may be due to the state of the herbage, which varies considerably at different elevations, but in the more marked cases as the migrations of the spring bok (*Antelope euchore*) this is not the case. These animals leave the desert at the time the grass is best, and track down towards the colony. The difficulty of estimating the numbers of a herd of animals in movement is always great; indeed, during the frontier struggles with the Kaffirs, it was always remarked that the number of cattle driven off or recovered, was in every case overrated by the most experienced stock keepers, even where no object was to be gained by misrepresentation. With these antelopes the difficulty is greatly increased by a certain quivering motion of their horns which they maintain, and also by the gleams of white from the beautiful fan like manes which extend along their backs, and which they invariably erect when moving; considering, however, the great numbers afterwards found in the colony when the main body has divided, it appears probable that the estimate which places the numbers at between thirty thousand and forty thousand at starting,† does not exceed the truth. On certain seasons, generally recurring about once in ten years, there is a vast increase in numbers which causes the movement to take some of the features of an American "stampede." We have ourselves witnessed instances on these occasions, when the animals hurried along and seemingly bewildered by the numbers round them have allowed themselves to be caught by the hand.

It is to these larger occasional migrations that the Dutch Boers more especially apply the term "trek bokkens."

A scarcity of food in certain seasons inducing greater numbers thus to migrate, is

* This disease, which is endemic in a part of the Trans-Vaal territory, becomes annually epidemic throughout a considerable part of the Cape Colony and Natal. Horses which have once passed through the disease are termed "salted," and are supposed to be safe from future attacks, a security which in the case of oxen is sought to be attained by inoculation with a portion of the diseased lung of a dead ox inserted in the fleshy part of the tail, near the root.

† They have never been noticed returning to the desert.

the cause usually assigned to these movements, but there is another which we think may have at least an equal share in producing them. These animals are polygamous, consorting in the proportion of four or five females to one male. Now it has been asserted with apparent truth, in the case of animals in a state of domestication that the proportion of the sexes born in different years varies considerably, and it is we think likely that these "trek bokkens" take place when the numbers have been increased by a large preponderance of females born a few seasons previously.

Dr. Livingstone assigns another cause, viz., the wary habits of the animals which induce them to leave the high and rank grass and choose more open feeding grounds, an instinct by the way, often displayed by domestic oxen.

Wherever the herds of antelope are found, whether the numbers be large or small, they appear materially to influence the herbage of the district they frequent. Their close, cropping bite resembling that of sheep, opens out a place for the young shoots, while their droppings not only fertilize the ground, but return to it the seeds in the form most suitable for fecundation.

Dr. Livingstone has related some instances where the game having been destroyed, the grass totally disappeared, being succeeded by a growth of mesembryanthemum-like plants, a change, which it is needless to say, would materially affect the water supply of a scantily watered country.*

The migratory habits of these animals also prevent the herbage, and consequently the water supply, of any particular district being affected by over-cropping. In the Cape Colony, near Graaf-Reinet (and, we have been told, in some of the Merino districts in Spain), the reverse of this picture may be seen. In these cases, by over-feeding certain of the sheep-walks, the herbage has first become impoverished, and in the end, like the water supply, has nearly disappeared.

The numbers of these animals are also kept in check by the large proportion of the

* The difference in the quality of the flesh of different closely allied varieties of antelope feeding on the same herbage is noteworthy; while the flesh of some is tolerable venison (as the spring bok), that of others (as the rhei bok) is rank carrion. This reminds us that the Dutch colonists have a curious idea respecting the varieties of the common hare, which are very numerous. These animals, they maintain, feed on garbage, an idea certainly confirmed by the places they appear to frequent. To give an example of this habit in a herbivorous animal, the writer remembers many years ago in Lisbon, seeing the goats feeding in the vicinity of the city muzzled, which he was informed was done with a view to prevent their feeding, as they would, if possible, on the offal and impurities that fill the purlieus of that dirtiest of dirty cities.

carnivora. Lions, indeed, are getting scarce; but the various species of leopard and tiger-cat, known to the colonists under the general name of tigers, and of hyenas (called wolves), is still very great. The beneficent purpose these animals fulfil in the great scheme of nature, has been so admirably pointed out in the "Bridgewater Treatise" of the late Dean Buckland, that although our limits forbid our transcribing it, we cannot help begging the reader to turn to it.

It is, indeed, trite and superfluous to say that this intimate relation between every department of nature may be traced by the attentive observer upon every spot on the earth's surface, but in South Africa it possesses an additional interest from the consideration that while on the one hand (if the surmises of recent geologists as to the antiquity of the present state of the South African continent be correct),* there is no region we can point to where those relations AS THEY NOW EXIST, have been longer in force; there is on the other none where the retreat of animal life before the almost imperceptible encroachments of civilized man has been and is progressing in a more marked or obvious manner.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S PROSE WORKS.

WE have received from Ticknor & Fields, the Boston publishers, a new and beautiful edition of the prose writings of one of New England's most loved and honored poets — John Greenleaf Whittier. To the majority of those who now are readers of Whittier, this collection will be a new book. The first half of the first volume contains his "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," which was published in 1836, a full generation since. Of the many attempts that have been made to reproduce the daily life of New Englanders during the earlier history of the country, we know of none more successful or that more simply and beautifully tells its own story.

The latter portion of the first volume has several "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," first published in 1850, the most of them — we believe — written originally for the *National Era*, of which Mr. Whittier was for many years the corresponding editor. The titles of these sketches indicate the bent of the author's mind, and his personal predilections. Always an ardent lover of freedom and humanity, his heroes are those who have displayed rare moral courage in their service. Thus he selects John Bunyan, Thom-

* See Sir R. Murchison's remarks on the South African Continent.

as Ellwood, James Naylor, Andrew Marvell, John Roberts, Samuel Hopkins, Richard Baxter, William Leggett, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers and Robert Dinsmore, as his subjects, and finds in each those traits which he most loves and honors.

He is especially zealous in developing the noble qualities of the Quakers during the trying periods of their persecutions in Old and New England, and occasionally even the mildness peculiar to his sect is lost in a holy wrath at its persecutors. As thus, when speaking of the English Quakers of Thomas Ellwood's time:

THE ENGLISH QUAKERS.

"Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognise your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowiness and mean self-seeking, when, with noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's Reign of the Saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and putting on an outside show of conformity, for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with King and Church and Parliament arrayed against you, vindicated the Rights of Conscience, at the cost of home, fortune and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby."

He is just, however, to the Puritans, as witness the following from his fine sketch of

ANDREW MARVELL.

"It has been the fashion of a class of shallow church and state defenders, to ridicule the great men of the commonwealth, the sturdy republicans of England, as sour-featured, hard-hearted ascetics, enemies of the fine arts and polite literature. The works of Milton and Marvell, the prose-poem of Harrington, and the admirable discourses of Algernon Sydney, are a sufficient answer to this accusation. To none has it less application than to the subject of our sketch. He was a genial, warm-hearted man, an elegant scholar, a finished gentleman, at home, and the life of every circle which he entered, whether that of the gay court of Charles II., amidst such men as Rochester and L'Estrange, or that of the republican philosophers who assembled at Miles's Coffee House, where he discussed plans of a free representative government with the author of 'Oceana,' and Cyriack Skinner, that friend of Milton, whom the bard has immortalized in the sonnet which so pathetically, yet heroically, alludes to his own blindness. Men of all parties enjoyed his wit and graceful conversation. His personal appearance was altogether in his favor. A clear, dark, Spanish complexion, long hair of jetty blackness falling in graceful wreaths to his shoulders, dark eyes, full of expression and fire, a finely chiselled

chin, and a mouth whose soft voluptuousness scarcely gave token of the steady purpose and firm will of the inflexible statesman; these, added to the *prestige* of his genius, and the respect which a lofty, self-sacrificing patriotism extorts even from those who would fain corrupt and bribe it, gave him a ready passport to the fashionable society of the metropolis. He was one of the few who mingled in that society and escaped its contamination, and who,

"Amidst the wavering days of sin,
Kept himself icy chaste and pure."

The broad and tolerant philosophy of the author is seen in his review of the life-work of Samuel Hopkins, of whom he well says:

SAMUEL HOPKINS.

"We honor him, not as the founder of a new sect, but as the friend of mankind—the generous defender of the poor and oppressed. Great as unquestionably were his powers of argument, his learning, and skill in the use of weapons of theological warfare, these by no means constitute the highest title to respect and reverence. As the product of an honest and earnest mind, his doctrinal dissertations have at least the merit of sincerity. They were put forth in behalf of what he regarded as truth; and the success which they met with, while it called into exercise his profoundest gratitude, only served to deepen the humility and self-abasement of their author. As the utterance of what a good man believed and felt, as a part of the history of a life remarkable for its consecration to apprehended duty, these writings cannot be without interest even to those who dissent from their arguments and deny their assumptions; but in the time now, we trust, near at hand, when distracted and divided Christendom shall unite in a new evangelical union, in which orthodoxy in life and practice shall be estimated above orthodoxy in theory, he will be honored as a good man, rather than as a successful creed-maker; as a friend of the oppressed and a fearless rebuker of popular sin, rather than as the champion of a protracted sectarian war. Even now his writings, so popular in their day, are little known. The time may come when no pilgrim of sectarianism shall visit his grave. But his memory shall live in the hearts of the good and generous; the emancipated slave shall kneel over his ashes, and bless God for the gift to humanity of a life so devoted to his welfare."

Among the subjects of Mr. Whittier's biographical efforts there was none who had more of his own spirit than William Leggett, whose boldness in the advocacy of anti-slavery principles over thirty years ago, while editor of the *EVENING POST*, will be vividly remembered by all whose anti-slavery convictions have not had too recent an origin. It is still worth while to extract something from Mr. Whittier's tribute to Mr. Leggett's heroic conduct. He says:

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"At this period the New York *EVENING*

Post spoke out strongly in condemnation of the mob. William Leggett was not then an abolitionist; he had known nothing of the proscribed class, save through the cruel misrepresentations of their enemies; but, true to his democratic faith, he maintained the right to discuss the question of slavery. The infection of cowardly fear, which at that time sealed the lips of multitudes who deplored the excesses of the mob and sympathized with its victims, never reached him. Boldly, indignantly, he demanded that the mob should be put down at once by the civil authorities. He declared the abolitionists, even if guilty of all that had been charged upon them fully entitled to the privileges and immunities of American citizens. He sternly reprimanded the board of Aldermen of the city for rejecting with contempt the memorial of the abolitionists to that body, explanatory of their principles, and the measures by which they had sought to disseminate them. Referring to the determination, expressed by the memorialists in the rejected document, not to recant or relinquish any principle which they had adopted, but to live and die by their faith, he said: 'In this, however mistaken, however mad we may consider their opinions in relation to the blacks, what honest, independent mind can blame them? Where is the man so poor of soul, so white-livered, so base, that he would do less in relation to any important doctrine in which he religiously believed?' Where is the man who would have his tenets drubbed into him by the clubs of ruffians, or hold his conscience at the dictation of a mob?"

The second volume contains: "Utopian Schemes and Political Theories;" "Peculiar Institutions of Massachusetts;" "Thomas Carlyle on the Slave Question;" "England under James II.;" "The two Processions;" "Evangeline;" "A Chapter of History;" "Fame and Glory;" "Fanaticism;" "The Border War of 1708;" "The Ipswich Fright;" "Lord Ashley and the Thieves;" "Mirth and Medicine;" "Pope Night;" "The Better Land;" "The Poetry of the North;" "The Boy Captives;" "The Black Man in the Revolution and War of 1812;" "My Summer with Dr. Singletary;" "Charms and Fairy Faith;" "Magicians and Witch Folk;" "The Agency of Evil;" "The Little Iron Soldier;" "The City of a Day;" "Pancake Falls;" "Hamlet among the Graves;" "Yankee Gypsies;" "The World's End;" "Swedenborg;" "First Day in Lowell;" "Taking Comfort;" "The Beautiful;" "The Lighting up;" "The Scottish Reformers;" and "The Training."

The present edition is embellished with a fine steel engraving of the author, who, we trust, has many years of active life yet before him.